MR PUNCH ON TOUR

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PUNCH LIBRARY OF HUMOUR

Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON

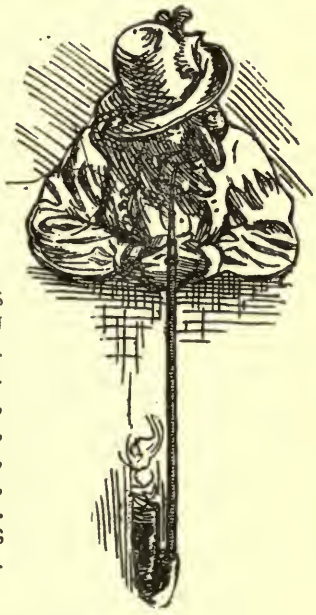
Designed to provide in a series of volumes, each complete in itself, the cream of our national humour, contributed by the masters of comic draughtsmanship and the leading wits of the age to "Punch," from its beginning in 1841 to the present day

MR. PUNCH ON TOUR

MR. AND MRS. JONES'S WALKING TOUR.—(*At the Shakspeare Hotel*). *Voice from the office:* "Porter, take this lady and gentleman to the Romeo and Juliet room."

MR. PUNCH ON TOUR

THE HUMOUR OF TRAVEL AT HOME AND ABROAD



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THE HUMOUR OF TRAVEL

THERE is nothing insular about MR. PUNCH. Judging by his features, familiar though these be and long as they have been typical of English humour, he is not without some trace of foreign origin. Indeed, we fancy that were a very searching enquiry to be made into his ancestry we might find he had a far-off forebear who was, let us say, Italian! Perhaps we have here the explanation of his breadth of mind and wide sympathy which, however deeply rooted in the good soil of old England, are by no means absolutely delimited by our coast line.

It is thus that we find him consistently the best of travelling companions, for there is none he is more ready to castigate with the whip of his satire than the insular Englishman abroad. This is as it should be, and in these days of the *entente cordiale* especially, when the inducements to Continental travel are steadily increasing, all patriotic Englishmen are anxious that their fellow-countrymen should give as good an account of themselves as possible when visiting the fair lands of our friends across the silver streak.

MR. PUNCH, while always ready to stand for English ideals of right and

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fair-dealing, has equally endeavoured throughout his long career to show that all the good manners of Europe are not to be found on the Continent. But above all, wherever he goes, let his travels be within those green isles where he reigns as king of fun or as far afield as the land of the Sphinx, he diffuses that good humour which is the essential characteristic of the Englishman and adds so much to the joy of life. The present collection, illustrative of the humours of travel at home and abroad, certainly does not bear out the ancient criticism as to the English taking their pleasures sadly. Like many another book in this same library it proves rather that they take their misadventures joyously.

MR. PUNCH ON TOUR

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM IN ROME.—When Mrs. R. was in Rome she insisted on the guide taking her and her party to see the Papal Bulls of which she had always heard so much. "I suppose," she said, "they're kept on some farm, and are exhibited for prizes just like the King's or the Prince of Wales.'" The worthy lady added that she couldn't help laughing to think what a mistake she made in Holland when she was taken to see "Paul Potter's Bull," which turned out to be only a picture.

A CURIOUS LANDSCAPE FEATURE OBSERVABLE AT MONTE CARLO IN THE EARLY SPRING.—Blue Rocks.

HINTS TO TOURISTS

If you are put with a friend in a double-bedded room, bear in mind that inside walls are only lath and plaster, and that every word you say will be heard in the next room. Therefore carry on your conversation at the tip-top of your voice, and make as much noise as you can in packing, and in splashing, and in stumping round your room.

Always give to beggars who waylay you on the road, and if you know their language, accompany your gift with a little stagey speech to the effect that all we English have more money than we know how to spend, and it is our duty when we travel to succour the distressed. This will mightily encourage the impostors in their trade, and engender a great nuisance for tourists who are poorer or less foolish than yourself.

She meant Nothing Wrong.—*Curate to American Visitor*). How do you like our church, Mrs. Golightly? It is very generally admired.

Mrs. Golightly. Yes, it's very pretty, but if it only had a clock fitted on the tower, it would be *useful* as well as ornamental.

TACTFUL SYMPATHY

Genial Friend. "Hullo, old man, getting on all right?"

Our artist, while staying in the country, thinks it would be a good opportunity for studying *calves*.

Yachting Man. "Well, I always said you were a plucky fellow, Splinter; but really, now, I did not give you credit——"

Splinter (*not displeased*). "How do you mean?"

Yachting Man. "Why, with your spars, to put out in such a gale o' wind as this."

TRAVELLERS' TALES

First Traveller (*in the smoking-room*). I think the most marvellous sight I ever saw was when I was crossing the Bight of Benin. You know the Bight?

Second Traveller. Perfectly. Shot two sea-serpents there last year.

Third Traveller. I landed hard by when I cycled across Africa.

First Traveller. Well, it was there we sighted a man who had crossed from Buenos Ayres on a hen-coop, with a cotton umbrella for a sail, and——

Other Travellers (*jealously in chorus*). Oh! Come, I say!

Quiet Man (*in corner*). Oh, I'll vouch for the truth of the assertion.

First Traveller (*nettled*). How's that?

Quiet Man. Why, *I* was the man.

[*Company disperses.*

NEXT BEST THING TO THE PERSIAN LOCOMOTIVE CARPET OF EASTERN FABLE.—The "Travelling Rug" of Western fact.

Brown, who has had a hard day sight-seeing, in Tunis, goes to a café for a quiet drink and rest. Result!

A HAPPY HOLIDAY

Now I really do not care a
Hang about the Riviera,
In the daytime you've a gay time,
  But the nights are very cold.
And for any kind of touring,
Which I used to find alluring,
I for biking had a liking,
  But I now have grown too old.

Then the constant change of weather
To my thinking, altogether
Knocked the notion of an ocean
  Trip completely on the head ;
I've a horror, too, of "trippers,"
'Arrys, 'Arriets, and "nippers,"
So a jolly quiet holi-
  Day I spent at home in bed.

No Difference. — *English Customer* (*to Manager of restaurant*). I see, Signor Maraschino, that the American gentleman and his wife who have just left drank nothing but water with their dinner. Does that make much difference in their bill ?

Signor Maraschino. Noting, sir. They pay same as yourself and lady, who 'ave champagne. Oderwise 'ow should we live ?

"The Great Loan Land."—Russia.

WHAT DID MR. PUNCH DO IN THE EASTER RECESS?—Volunteer rev'ew! Not a bit of it! He just popped over, and had a few days of delightful *dolce far niente* at Venice.

Papa, Maman, et Bébé s'en vont à la pêche aux crevettes.

FIN DE LA SAISON.—(*At a Cercle Anglais. "Le Fiv' o'clock," i.e., Afternoon Tea.*)

Britisher. "Coming to the ball to-night, Count?" *Monsieur le Comte.* "Moi, mon cher? Ah, non. I am tired. I have the ache everywhere. I have play the foot-ball!" *Britisher.* "Good! What?—Forward, half-back?" *Monsieur le Comte.* "Forward! Half-back! Par exemple, I am 'Arbitre'—how you say it?—Referee!"

IMPRESSIONS FROM ABROAD

(*By Our Susceptible Subscriber*)

IMPRESSIONS on my hat after going down the salt mine at Berchtesgaden.

Impressions on my alpenstock after looking at the Alpine Peaks from below with an opera-glass.

Impressions on my nose and forehead by the mosquitoes, when I would be poetical and stay all the evening on the Rialto at Venice.

Impressions on my ears by the bad language of my guide, when I refused to pay for the echoes awakened on the Rhine by an ancient howitzer.

Impressions on my heart by memories of that pretty little Frenchwoman I travelled with from Turin.

Impressions on my feet by her sweet little *bottines.*

Impression on my mind, after Mrs. P. detected those *bottines* too near my boots, that it would be better not to be so susceptible another time.

THOUGHT BY A TOURIST.—Too many Cook's Excursionists spoil the *table d'hôte.*

THE RULING PASSION

Customs Official. "Have you anything to declare?"
Absent-minded Traveller (*Bridge-player, just catching last word*). "Oh, leave it to you!"

INTERNATIONAL COMPARISONS

Henri Dubois (*who can speak English*) *to his friend 'Arry Smith* (*who can't*). "Pardon me, mon ami! You are very pretty boy, you dress in ze most perfect 'chic'; but vy do you speak your own language so ungrammaticallé?"

'Arry. "Why do I speak my hown langwidge so hungrammatical? 'Ang it, yer down't suppowse as I were hedgerkited at Heton or 'Arrow like a bloomin' swell, do yer?"

Henri. "Voyez donc ça! Now in France zere is no Eton, no Harrow: all ze public schools are ze same, and ze butcher and baker's little boys go zere, and ze little candlestick-makers, and ze little boys of ze merchants of cheese like you and me!"

'Arry. "Come, I s'y, Walker, yer know! And where do their customers' little boys go?"

Henri. "Parbleu! Zey go zere too!!"

[*'Arry, suddenly conscious of his deficiencies, feels bitterly towards his country.*

"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES"

Old Gentleman. "Are you certain that these life-belts are cork, and not half sawdust?"

Storeman. "They are the best quality. We have sold hundreds, and never had a complaint!"

HAPPY GEOGRAPHICAL THOUGHT (*when crossing the Channel in exceptionally rough weather*).—"Oh dear! What a pity that the sea everywhere can't be the Pacific Ocean!"

"THE TRAVELLERS' CLUB."—An alpenstock.

FOREIGN HOTELS.—"WHAT!—NO SOAP!"—"Oh—er—juste regardez ici, mademoiselle! Vous nous avez chargé pour le *savon*—et nous ne l'avons pas *use*, vous savez, car——" "Oh, mamma! How *can* you!" [*Poor things! they had brought their own.*

THE LAST THING OUT.—Sensation created every morning at Crevetteville-sur-Mer by Colonel F—— (of the Guards) and the lovely Lady Magnolia D——.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION.—*Ducal Butler* (*showing art treasures of Stilton Castle*). "The three Graces—after Canova!" *Mrs Ramsbotham.* 'How interesting! And pray, which is the *present* Duchess?"

Her Husband (going on the Continent). "Look here, Arabella, from now you and I will speak nothing but French." *Arabella.* "*Oui.*" *Her Husband.* "What did you say?"

"EASIER SAID THAN DONE"

Stout Traveller (*in the Eastern Counties*). "My lad—which is the —quickest way—for me to get to the station?"

Street Arab. "Wh' run bo'! 'th' else yeow'll sartain'y lewse th' tr'ine! There goo th' bell!!"

DESPAIR!

Brown has locked his portmanteau with one of those letter padlocks and forgotten the word that opens it.

[*Only ten minutes to dinner!*

VIATOR'S VADE MECUM

(Or Compendious Weather-Guide for the British Tourist)

WHEN the wind is in the North,
Gingham take if you go forth.
If to Eastward veer the wind,
Gingham do not leave behind.
If to West the wind should tend,
Gingham is your surest friend.
If it seek the South, of course,
Gingham is your sole resource.
Intermediate points demand
Gingham constantly in hand.
If there be no wind at all,
Gingham take, for rain will fall.
At all other times, no doubt,
Gingham you may do without,
Yet e'en then an hour may bring 'em,—
Showers I mean,—so take your Gingham!

English Tourist (*in the far North, miles from anywhere*). "Do you mean to say that you and your family live here all the winter? Why, what do you do when any of you are ill? You can never get a doctor!"

Scotch Shepherd. "Nae, sir. We've just to dee a natural death!"

The PLACE IN HOT WEATHER.—Lazistan.

THE WATER CURE

Young Lady. "So you've been on the Continent, Professor?"
The Professor. "Yes, I've been to Marienbad, taking the baths, you know."
Young Lady. "Really? That *was* a change for you, wasn't it?"

"Oh! con-found these country looking-glasses, though!"

THE HOT WEATHER

Traveller (*bedtime, thermometer* 100° !). "Waiter, go' sh'ch a thing as a warmin'-pan ?"

Waiter (*astounded*). "A warming-pan, sir !"

Traveller. "And 'got any ice ?"

Waiter. "Ice, sir ? Yessir ! "

Traveller. "Then tell 'chamb'maid to run a pan of ice through my bed, and let me have my candle. I'll turn in ! !"

SCENE—*An Indian Station, on the eve of a Fancy Ball.—Globe-trotting "Bounder" (newly arrived).* "You're running this ball, ain't you? Is fancy dress *de rigueur?*" *Choleric Colonel (who is Ball Secretary).* "Fancy dress, sir, is not *de rigueur*, but an invitation *is!*"

C

UP COUNTRY JOYS IN INDIA.—*The Mem Sahib* (*with a view to seasonable festivities*). "I wonder if you have got such a thing as lemon peel or candied peel in your shop?" "*Europe Shop*" *Keeper.* "Ah, no, Mem Sahib. Onlee got it 'cockle' peel and 'beesham' peel!"

THE TRAVELLERS' PROTECTION LEAGUE

THE T. P. L. commenced operations last week with regard to the unpunctuality of certain railway companies, and should be encouraged to go a little farther. We want protection against:—

1. Passengers who try to keep us out of carriages by fictitiously placing hats and wraps on more seats or corners than they will themselves occupy.

2. Passengers who endeavour to enter carriages when we have fictitiously placed hats and wraps on more seats or corners than we shall ourselves occupy.

3. People who smoke bad tobacco in compartments where there are ladies.

4. Ladies who ride in compartments where we smoke bad tobacco.

5. Parties who insist upon having the window open when we wish it shut.

6. Parties who insist upon having the window shut when we wish it open.

A TIGHT FIT

Chorus of Girls (*to popular party on bank*). "Oh, do come with us, there's *plenty* of room!"

7. Persons who try to squeeze in when our carriage is full.

8. Persons who try to keep us out when their carriage is full.

9. Objectionable babies.

10. Objectors to babies.

And a job lot of grievances, viz. :—

11. The British landscape, now consisting of pill advertisements.

12. Clapham Junction.

13. Bank Holiday traffic and excursionists, racing and football crowds.

14. The weather.

15. Nasty smelling smoke.

16. Irritatingly uncertain lamps.

17. The increase in the income-tax.

18. The cussedness of things in general.

19. And, lastly, the Billion Dollar Trust.

If the T. P. L. will abate or abolish any or all of these nuisances we shall be very greatly obliged.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM was asked if she liked yachting, and she replied that she preferred *terra-cotta*. She probably meant *terra-firma*.

"WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST"

When, after lunching sumptuously at a strange hotel in a strange part of the country, it suddenly occurs to him that he has left his purse, with all his money in it, in the mail train going North.

AT MUNICH.—*Mr. Joddletop* (*to travelling companion at Bierhalle*). What they call this larger beer for I'm blessed if I know! Why, it's thinner than what I drink at home.

MR. PUNCH'S COUNTRY RAMBLES

(*With acknowledgments to the "Daily Chronicle"*)

A MEMORABLE afternoon may be spent by taking the train to Muggleton, and walking from there by way of Mudford, Sloppington, Stickborough-in-the-Marsh, Drencham, St. Swithuns, and Swillingspout to Poddleton-on-the-Slosh. The whole district is full of memories of the great Hodge family (before it migrated into the towns). Quite a number of mute, inglorious Miltons are buried in Poddleton churchyard, but a few people may still be seen in the market-place on Saturdays.

Route of Ramble.— Alighting at Muggleton Station (too much reliance should not be placed upon the elocution of the local railway porter) leave the refreshment room resolutely on the left (as you will need to keep your intelligence clear), and proceed in a north-north-east-half-northerly direction along a winding lane, until Mudford Beacon appears in the rear. Then turn back across six meadows and a ploughed field, following alternately the bed of a stream and the right bank

"BY THE CARD"

Pedestrian. "How far is it to Sludgecombe, boy?"

Boy. "Why, 'bout twenty 'underd theausan' mild 'f y' goo 's y'are agooin' now, an' 'bout half a mild 'f you turn right reaound an' goo t'other way!!"

of the canal until Sloppington is reached. From there follow the boundary line between the counties of Mudshire and Slopshire as far as Stickborough: from two to seven miles further on (according to the best local computation) lies Drencham, where is a remarkable pump. Leaving this landmark south-west-by-west, veer sharply to the left twice, and pursue a zig-zag course. If, at the twenty-second field, you are not within easy reach of Swilling-spout it will be because you are incapable of following this brief chronicle. From the last-named place the nearest way to Poddleton is through the railway tunnel. It is not public, but persons have sometimes succeeded in getting through. Poddleton is nine miles from a station, but an omnibus walks the distance occasionally, when the horse is not required for funerals or other purposes.

Length of Ramble.—Doubtful. Has only been done in sections.

MISS-GUIDED FOLKS IN PARIS.—Evidently those who are personally conducted by "Lady Guides."

Traveller. "Can you direct me to Hollow Meadows?

Hodge (*who stutters frightfully*). "Ye-ye-ye-yes. You t-t-t-t-take the f-f-f-first t-t-t-t-turning on th-the right, and ku-ku-ku-keep straight on ower th' b-b-b-brig. Bu-bub-bub-but you 'd bub-bub-bub-better be gu-gu-gu-gangin' on. You'll gu-gu-get there quicker th-th-th-than I can t-t-t-tell you!"

MUCH PLEASANTER FOR ALFRED

Constance (adding the last straw). "There, darling! I hope I've forgotten nothing. And oh, Alfred! how much, *much* pleasanter to carry our things ourselves, and be alone together, than to have a horrid servant trotting behind us, and listening to every word we say!"

SOMETHING FROM THE PROVINCES

Excursionist (*politely*). "Can you kindly direct me the nearest way to Slagley?"

Powerful Navvy. "Ah can poonch th' head o' thee!"

[*Excursionist retires hastily.*

ON THE COLONIAL TOUR

Famous Pianist. "Himmel! how hot it is! I really think I might just have half an inch cut off—just round the nape of my neck you know. Just *thinned* a little ——"

His Agent. "Out of the question, my boy. Remember clause seven in the agreement—'Your hair not to be cut till the last concert in Australia is over'!"

EVOLUTION EXTRAORDINARY

British Tourist (*who has been served with a pig's foot*). "What's this? I ordered quail!"

Negro Waiter. "Wall—y'ev got quail!"

British Tourist. "Quail! Why a quail's a bird!"

Negro Waiter. "*Not here!*"

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY

COME, Phyllis, for the season is already on the wane,
And the question of our holiday perplexes once again;
Now every jaded Londoner fresh stores of vigour seeks,
Our problem is how best to pass these few and fleeting weeks.

As one by one each watering-place we call to mind in turn
As promptly some objection to each one we discern;
Thus Scarborough's too chilly, and Ilfracombe too hot,
And this too near, and that too dear, that sandy and this not.

The Alps are always overrun and crowded as Cheapside,
And the garlic-reeking South I own I never could abide;
The *Bads*— Aix, Vichy, Taunus, Homburg, Carlsbad, Neuenahr,
Are either vulgar, crowded, dull, expensive, or too far.

Oh, for some new and lone retreat, nor far away nor near,
With lovely sights to charm the eye, soft sounds to soothe the ear;
Where vexed and wearied spirits, such as yours and mine, might rest,
And find in life new purpose, in its joys unwonted zest;

Some Aidenn, some Elysium of rapturous delight,
Where peace should reign unbroken from the dawn to fall of night!
Yet since for the impossible in vain we yearn, 'tis clear,
It will end no doubt as usual, in "Good old Margate," dear.

"THE *VALET* OF THE NILE"
Much talked about, but very seldom seen!

"A RAILWAY from Joppa to Jerusalem" sounds like a Scriptural line. In future, "going to Jericho" will not imply social banishment, as the party sent thither will be able to take a return-ticket.

So Nice and Sympathetic.—A gentleman, whose one glass eye had served him for years, had the misfortune to drop it. It smashed to atoms. This happened when he was far away in the country. He inquired of a friend where was the nearest place for him to go and get refitted.

"Why don't you call upon the girl you were flirting with all last night?" his friend inquired "She has a first-class reputation for making eyes."

Balloonery.—"We went spinning through the air!" said an enthusiastic aeronaut, describing his recent trial trip.

"Indeed!" observed his companion, meditatively. "Judging by your description it sounds as if you had been in an 'heir-loom' instead of an 'air-ship.'"

At Brussels.—*Mrs. Trickleby* (*pointing to an announcement in grocer's window, and spelling it out*). *Jambon d'Yorck.* What's that mean, Mr. T.?

Mr. T. (*who is by way of being a linguist*). Why, good Yorkshire preserves, of course. What did you suppose it was—Dundee marmalade?

"CAUTION! THIS HILL IS DANGEROUS!"

TO ABSENT FRIENDS

(*By a Fox without a Tail*)

DEAR Brown and Jones and Robinson and many thousands more,
Now spending dismal holidays on some dank sea-girt shore,
You, who affect to pity those compelled in town to stay,
Should rather envy us, because we cannot get away.

While you are hiring tiny rooms at many pounds a week,
And huddle there and watch parades that run with rain, and reek,
Contrast my cheerful aspect with your discontented looks,
As here I stay at ease among my pictures and my books.

Here in the trains the traveller can now find ample space,
Enjoying elbow-room without a struggle for a place:
The choicest dishes are not "off" at half-past one to lunch,
And no one spoils our appetite with—"After you with *Punch!*"

The dainty shops of Regent Street teem with their treasures still,
The Park with all its beauties we can now enjoy at will;
No longer do the jostling crowds provoke an angry frown,
But leisurely we relish the amenities of town.

Thus basking in the keen delights that empty London owns
(Though from my heart I pity you—Brown, Robinson and Jones),
So long as you may care to stay, and business is slack,
I cannot honestly declare I long to see you back.

TRIPPERS

Tommy (*his first visit*). "Will it be like this all d-d-d-day daddy?"

Billiard Enthusiast (*having mistaken his room at the hotel, holding on to knobs of bed*). "Which do you prefer, sir? Spot or plain?"

WHEN the chairman of a railway company speaks of "the diversion of traffic," may it be understood that "pleasure trips and excursions" are covered by this expression?

ENGLAND AND GERMANY

British Nimrod (who has shot tigers in India, and lions in South Africa). "The fact is, Herr Muller, that I don't care much for sport unless it contains the element of danger."

German Nimrod. "Ach zo? you are vont of *taincher?* Den you should gom ant shood mit *me!* Vy, only de oder tay I shoodet my broder-in-law in de shdômag!"

CUTTING A NEW ACQUAINTANCE. — *Major Longi'th'Bow.* I met a Brahmin once with "John Smith, London," carved on his back. You see he was standing motionless in one of those pious trances which nothing is allowed to interrupt. In this state he was found by a cheap-tripper, who took him for a statue and cut his name as usual.

AT FLORENCE. — *First Tourist.* Hullo! Barkins, what brought you here?

Second Tourist (*facetiously*). The railway, of course. And you?

First Tourist (*getting mixed, but thinking he has his friend*). My wife's wish to see the Leaning Tower of Pisa!"

SUITABLE SPOTS.—*Gainsborough*—for greedy tradesmen; *Gnosall*—for wiseacres; *Gravesend*—for sextons; *Great Barr*—for constant topers; *Grind-on*—for crammers; *Halt-whistle*—for foot-ball umpires; *Hastings*—for wasps; *Hawkshead*—for falconers; *Honi-ton*—for busy bees; *Hoot-on*—for owls.

CRY OF THE TRAVELLING SMOKER.—*En* briar root!

SNUB FOR A SNOB

English Tourist. "Aw—that buttermilk was very nice, my dear. What payment do you expect for it?"

Cottage Girl. "We wouldn't be after asking any payment. Sure we *give* it to the pigs!"

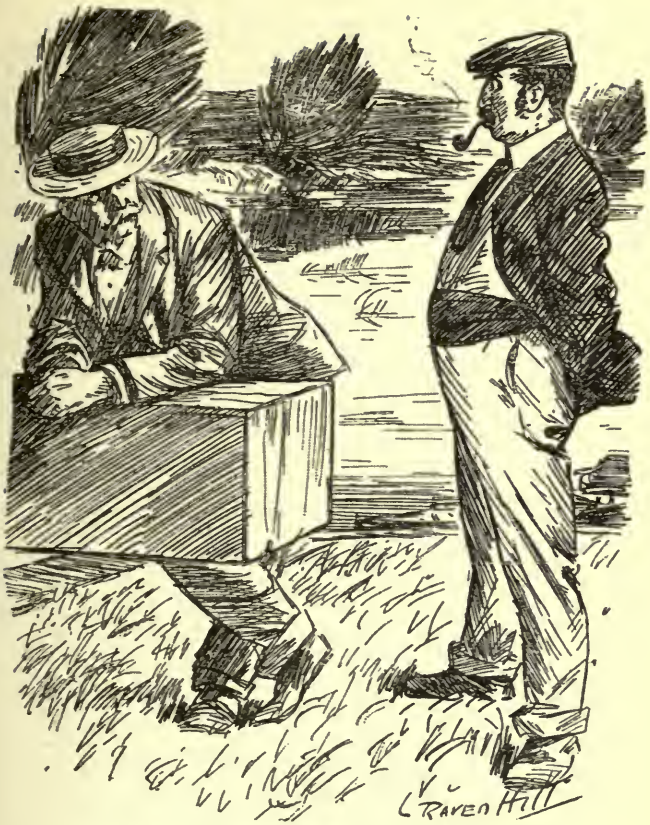
MISPLACED SYMPATHY

(*The "Boots" at the Shadow of Death Hotel, in the back block of Australia, on seeing a pair of boot-trees for the first time.*)

"I say, Billy, that poor bloke in the bed-room must 'ave ad a terrible accident. He's got two wooden feet!"

Mrs. Tripper (*examining official notice on the walls of Boulogne*). What's that mean, Tripper, "Pas de Calais"?

Tripper (*who is proud of his superior acquaintance with a foreign language*). It means—"Nothing to do with Calais," my dear. These rival ports are dreadfully jealous of one another.



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, &c.

Jones. "I say, what's the exact meaning of 'voilà'?"

Brown. "Well, I should translate it as 'behold,' or 'there you are,' or something like that.'

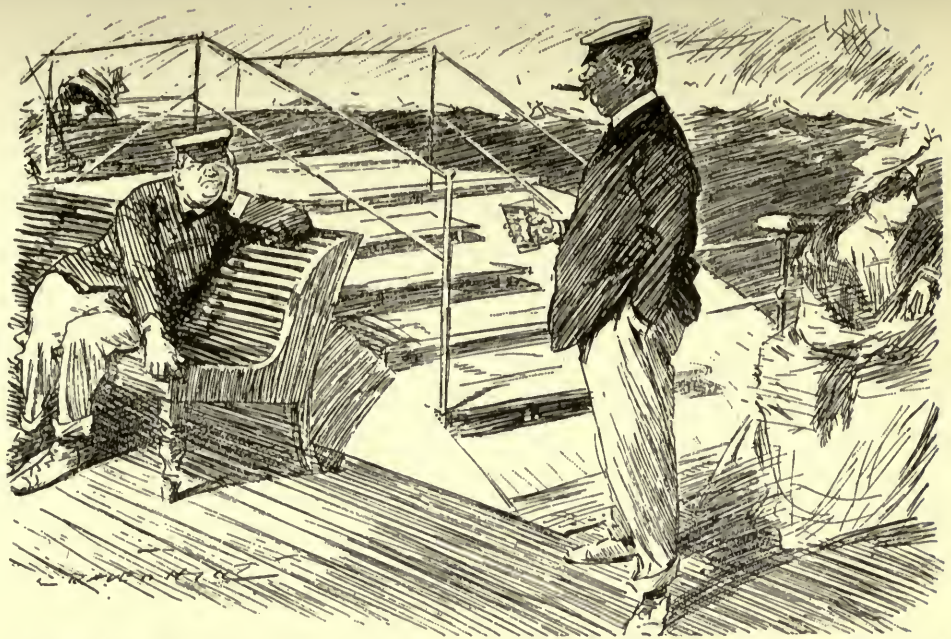
Jones. "Confound it! I've been using it for the last month and thinking I've been swearing in French!"

BASHAN, NEAR BARMOUTH

The worst of Wales is, the wild beasts are so numerous and inquisitive.

GEOLOGY.—*Scientific Pedestrian.* "Do you find any fossils here?"
Excavator. "Dunno what you calls 'vossuls.' We finds nowt here but muck and 'ard work!"

MUSIC ON THE WATERS.—*Parker.* "Beg pardon, my lady, but the band can't play the selection your ladyship asked for." *Her Ladyship* (*astonished*). "But it's in their programme!" *Parker.* "Yes, my lady, but they can't play it till we get into still water, and *then they'll try!*"



THE COMFORTER.—"I say, old man, I've just been down in the saloon, and they give you the finest half-crown lunch I've ever struck!"

A Moot Point.—*Mrs. Brown* (*on her honeymoon*). "Oh, aren't you glad, darling, we have come this delightful tour, instead of going to one of those stupid foreign places?"

[*Darling is not quite sure about it, as the hills are of terrible frequency, and, naturally, he tows his bride up every one.*

BAD HABITS GROW APACE.—*Traveller* (*whose train is due*). "Look here, I'm going to get out and walk. That brute will make me miss my train!"

Jarvey. "Kape still, surr. For the love av' Moses, kape still. Sure an' if the ould blayguard bates us, I'll niver get him up to the station no more!"

THE TRAVELLERS TRICKED

(*An à propos Duologue*)

She (*with resolution*): Charlie, I want to ask your pardon. I have made a mistake.

He. Yes, dear; which of them?

She. You shall not put me out by sneering. Yes, I have made a mistake; and when I make a mistake, I do not fail to acknowledge it.

He. Quite right, dear. Nothing like having a congenial occupation.

She. Charlie, we came back to town prematurely.

He. Yes, dear; we certainly curtailed our stay in Paris a little to allow of your purchasing that pretty bonnet.

She. It cost a lot of money, Charlie.

He. It did, dear; but I did not grudge it, as you and the shop girl said it was of the first mode and the greatest novelty in Paris.

She. Yes, Charlie; and I believed her.

He. Well, I am sure that the three or four days we cut off were well worth it, to buy the bonnet.

NOSÉ IN EGITTO; OR, AUTOMOBILITY IN THE LAND OF THE SPHINX.

"One touch of *Punch* makes the whole world kin."

She. How good, how noble of you to say so!

He. Not at all; I was really glad to get back to the club. And you have your bonnet—a real genuine French bonnet! And the most Parisian shape imaginable.

She (*with an effort*). The shape is not Parisian.

He. Not Parisian! Where does it come from?

She. I see from a ticket in the lining it was made in the Edgware Road.

[*Tears and curtain.*

AT WINDSOR.—*American Traveller* (*to Waiter at the "Blue Stag"*). Say, is it true that you've got a real live ghost here?

Waiter. Yessir. Believed to be either Cardinal Garnet Wolseley, 'Erne the 'Untsman, Queen Elizabeth, or the late King of the Belgiums.

American Traveller. Thanks. Send for the local reporter, if off duty in any one capacity.

SUITABLE SPOTS.—*Ware-ham*—for abstainers from pork; *Whits-table*—for facetious gourmets; *Wig-more*—for bald men; *Wig-ton*—for perruquiers; *Winfarthing*—for small gamblers; *Woburn*—for firemen.

A QUESTION OF PROPORTION.—*Colonel Peppercorn (who is touring in France with a hired chauffeur and car, which has broken down).* "Confound it all, you say it's nothing? Then why don't you repair it?" *Alphonse Legros.* "Mais, monsieur, pas possible, he break below! I cannot arrive there! He is only quinze centimètres from ze ground; but me—voilà—I have one mètre round ze chest!"

THE SKELETON TOURIST'S VADE MECUM

Question. What is your object this year?

Answer. To follow the precedent of former Summers, and get over as much ground as possible.

Q. How do you manage this?

A. With the assistance of a ticket guaranteed to make distance a greater consideration than scenery.

Q. Is it necessary to examine the places *en route* with much careful consideration?

A. Certainly not, as the Guide-book of the place visited will supply the compulsory omissions.

Q. What are compulsory omissions?

A. Objects of interest left out for want of time to give them an inspection.

Q. How long would you give St. Peter's at Rome?

A. A quarter of an hour, and the Colosseum at the same place ten minutes.

Q. Could you not spare more time than this from your holiday?

Nervous Tourist. "Stop, driver, stop! There's something wrong! I am sure a wheel's coming off!" *Driver.* "Arrah, be aisy then, yer honour. Sure, it's the same one's been comin' off thin these three days back!"

A. No ; for luncheon and dinner have to be taken into consideration in the touring table.

Q. What object of interest would you examine in the Land of the Midnight Sun ?

A. The sun at midnight, if it happened to be shining.

Q. And if you visited the Rhine by the railway, what object of interest would chiefly attract your attention ?

A. The interior of the compartment in which you happened to be travelling.

Q. What advantage would you derive from your tour ?

A. The satisfaction of explaining to non-tourists where you had been rather than what you had seen.

Q. Do you consider that your mind would derive much benefit from your rapid locomotion ?

A. Not much, nor my body either.

Q. But I presume your outing would justify the title of this Vade Mecum ?

A. Most certainly ; because, by the end of your journey, you might accurately describe your condition as one who had been reduced to a skeleton.

(*Sketched on the pier just after the arrival of the boat.*)

'*Arry* (*viewing stormy sea in a mutoscope*). "My eye, Maria, come an' 'ave a look 'ere. The motion of the waives is simply grand!"

A CONTINENTAL TRIP.—*First Man* (*tasting beer*). "Hullo! I ordered lager. This isn't lager!" *Second Man* (*tasting*). "No; but it's jolly good, all the same!" *Third Man* (*tasting*). "C'est magnifique! mais ce n'est pas lager-r-r!"

ON THE GRAND TOUR.—Scene—*Staircase of the Palazzo Bianco.*—(*Enter the Joneses of London.*) *Chorus of Maidens.* "O, ma, dear! O, papa! do look! *Isn't* this charming? *Isn't* it delightful? Only fancy—the *Bragginton Smiths* were here last month!"

THE FAULT OF THE FOWL

SCENE—*Coffee-Room, Hotel, Guernsey.*

Visitor (*gazing at a guinea-fowl's egg*). "Waiter! Can you tell me what egg this is?"

Waiter. "Oh, sir, it's a Guernsey egg. They sometimes lays them like that. It's not done in the boiling!"

CORRECTED.—*Lady Tourist* (*doing the cathedrals of Scotland*). "This is *Gothic*, isn't it, John?" *Juvenile Vendor of "Guides"* (*severely*). "No, mem, *this* is *Presbyterian*."

AT HOMBURG-V.-D.-H.—*Colonel Twister* (*in the hotel smoking-room*). Yes! I once played a game of pool at Senecarabad, holding the cue in my teeth, and captured all the loot!

Captain Longbow. Pooh! That's nothing! About a month ago I matched myself at shell-out against Fred Fandango, and clutching the cue between my toes, walked in lying on my back!

Colonel Twister (*taken unawares*). But how the deuce did you manage to see the table?

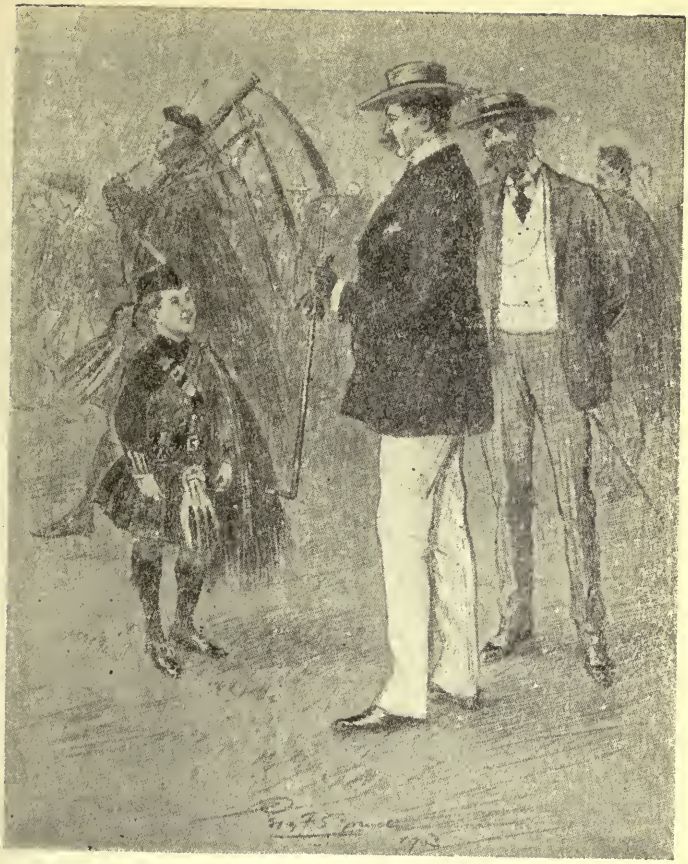
Captain Longbow. See the table? Why, had the cloth lighted with Röntgen rays, of course! Saw through the slate!

[*The Colonel abruptly says "Good Night" to the company, and leaves for Schlangenbad next morning.*

FORCE OF HABIT.—Recently two bankers met abroad. They at once began to compare notes.

NEW NAME FOR SEA-SICKNESS.—*Mal de Little Mary.*

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM wants to know whether the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands are called the Fijits.



YOUNG AUSTRALIA

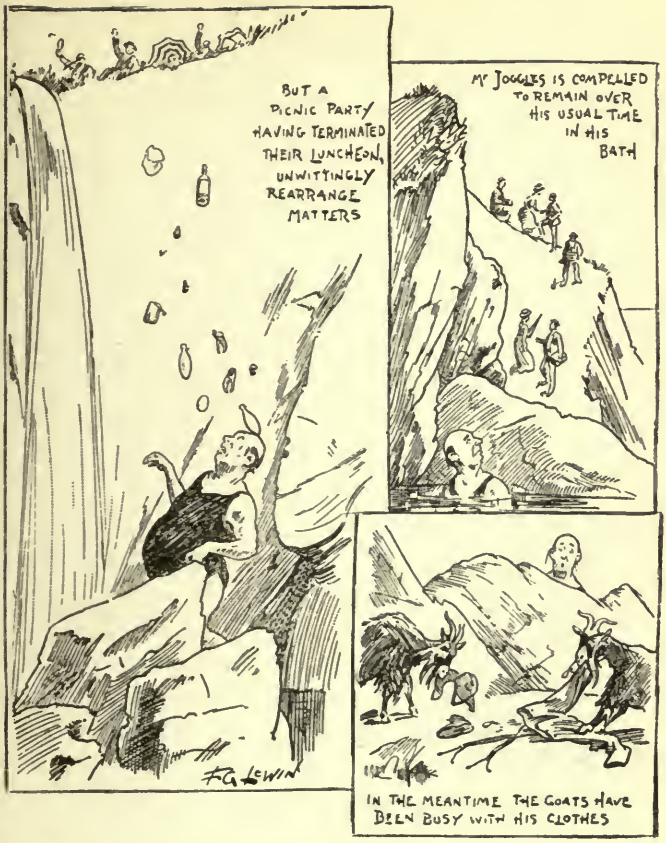
SCENE—*Highland Gathering in the Antipodes.*

"Well, my little man, so you're Scotch, eh?"
"Nae, nae, a'am nae Scotch, but ma pairents is."

Mr. Joggles having carefully selected a retired spot deposited his clothes in a cave sees a little way below him a sparkling pool, fed by a torrent from above – a natural shower bath, into which he will joyfully descend
This is what he expected before taking a dip

A SENSATIONAL DRAMA IN THREE

(*Showing how he got in for it and how he came*


BUT A PICNIC PARTY HAVING TERMINATED THEIR LUNCHEON, UNWITTINGLY REARRANGE MATTERS
Mr JOGGLES IS COMPELLED TO REMAIN OVER HIS USUAL TIME IN HIS BATH
IN THE MEANTIME THE GOATS HAVE BEEN BUSY WITH HIS CLOTHES

ACTS AND FIVE TABLEAUX
out of it rather the worse for "wear")

FOR A CHANGE

FAGGED and jaded, Daphne mine,
For our annual change I pine.
Once again the problem 's here,
Whither we shall go this year.
Let who will seek lake or moor,
"*Bad*" or hydro, spa or "*kur*."
Switzerland and Germany
Have no charms for you and me.
There while restless tourists haste,
"Good old Margate" suits our taste.
On its old familiar ground
We will make the usual round.
Meet Smith, Robinson and Brown,
Whom we daily see in town;
Hear the niggers or the bands
On the pier, the fort, the sands;
Revel in each well-known joy,
Then, when these enchantments cloy,
And for change again we yearn,
Why, then, Daphne, we'll return.

THE number of stowaways who secrete themselves in big vessels is becoming a growing evil. A Norwegian barquantine reached Plymouth on Friday with an entire cargo of hides.

A VERY REVOLTING PLACE.—Brazil.

French Tourist, on a visit to London for the first time, makes a note in his pocket-book of the name of the street in which his hotel is situated.

A BERLIN.—Although Berlin is "on the Spree," its cheerfulness is considerably discounted by "the Oder" in its vicinity.

"JOINT OCCUPATION"

(Suggested by Cook's Tourist in Egypt)

OVERHEARD AT CHAMONIX. — *Stout British Matron* (*in a broad British accent, to a slim diligence driver*). Êtes-vous la diligence ?

Driver. Non, madame, mais j'en suis le cocher.

Matron (*with conviction*). C'est la même chose ; gardez pour moi trois places dans votre intérieur demain.

PHILLIPOPOLIS

Toper Major (*over their third bottle of a Grand Vin*). "I shay, ol' f'ler, neksh year thinksh'll go see ex'bishun at Ph-Phipp-at Philup-popple——"

Toper Minor. "I know, ol'f'ler. You mean Philipoppoppo--poppo——"

Toper Major. "Thatsh it—shame place. Have 'nother bo'l!" [*They drink.*

NOT SO PRETTY IN ENGLISH

(*Three Friends meet at Monte Carlo*)

First Friend. No, I'm not staying here. Just run over from Canes.

Second F. And I from Fat.

Third F. And I'm with my people at Chin.

[We presume the travellers referred to Cannes, Grasse, and Menton.—ED.]

A WHITSUN HOLIDAY

(*A Page from a Modern Diary*)

Monday. — Up with the lark. Breakfast not ready. Spent my spare time in closing the boxes. Got the family into the train with difficulty. Devoted the day to travelling. Reached our destination tired out. Glad to get to bed.

Tuesday.—Up with the lark. Did the sights. Had no time to look at anything, as I had to attend to the tickets. Saw all the museums. My party coming out when I had got the catalogues. So managed our visits that there was no opportunity of discussing meals. Got back in time for *table d'hôte*, but preferred sleep to food. Went to bed.

Wednesday.—Up with the lark. Off again travelling. On the road all day. Having to fit in the corresponding trains, had no leisure for meals. Arrived at our new resting-place late at night. So off as quickly as possible to bed.

Thursday. — Up with the lark. Spent the morning in sight-seeing under the customary conditions. Waited upon the family. Looked after the catalogues and umbrellas. Food again at a

Scientific and Nervous Visitor at Country Hotel. "I suppose there's no 'ptomaine' in this pie?"

Waiter (equal to the occasion). "No, sir. We never puts that in unless specially ordered!"

discount. Dispensed with dinner. Glad to get to bed.

Friday.—Up with the lark. Time to return. Back again by a train. No food. No rest. Halfway home. Arrived in time to see the lights being put out. Off to bed.

Saturday.—Up with the lark. Continued my journey post-haste. Wrote up my diary. Find that I have got over several hundreds of miles; but for the life of me cannot remember anything that I have seen. Don't recollect any square meal. Back again, tired, and only pleased to be in bed.

Sunday.—Sleeping.

Monday.—Up with the lark. Recovered from my week's "rest," and glad to get back again to work.

BY A SEA-SICK PASSENGER

MARE! Mare!
Most contrary,
Why do you tumble so?
While you heave and swell
One can't feel well,
And—I think I'll go below!

MOTTO FOR AMERICAN MILLIONAIRESSES.—"Marry, come up!"

DARTMOOR WAY.—*Tourist* (*in background*). "I say! Percy! We'd better be going now—unless you can see anything striking from where you are!"

SCENE—*Railway Refreshment Room. Thermometer* 90° *in the Shade.*

Waiter (*to traveller taking tea*). "Beg pardon, sir, I shouldn't recommend that milk, sir; leastways not for *drinking* purposes."

HALCYON PROSPECTS.—*Romantic Bride* (*ecstatically*). "Such a waste of waters almost appals me!" *Prudent Husband* (*fondly*). "What a dear little economist it is!"

Tourist. "Wasn't there a great battle fought about here?"
Village Dame. "Ah, I do mind it when I were a gell, I do. They was——"
Tourist. "But, my good woman, that was nearly six hundred years ago!"
Village Dame (*unabashed*). "Dear, dear! How time do fly!"

"And she only charged eight-and-a-half guineas, and "—(*Interruption from Husbands.* "Isn't the view marvellous!" *General chorus in reply.* "Oh—er—*Yes!*")—"and now I simply go there for everything!"

FRENCH AND ENGLISH (*as zey are spoke at ze country 'ouse*). —*Hostess.* "'Oh—er—j'espair ker voos avvy troovy votre—votre—er—er—votre *collar stud*, barrong?" *M. le Baron.* "Oh, I zank you, yes! I find 'eem on my *chest of trowsers!*"

A Disappointment. [To *perambulate*, v.n., in German, *spazieren;* in French, *se promener;* in Italian, *passeggiare.*]—*Johann Schmidt.* "Ach! vat a bitty, Mister Chones! Zen ve must not go therein to berampulate?"

Chatty Tourist. "Beautiful specimen of a Roman camp, this, isn't it?"

Grim Stranger "*No*, sir, *no!* I decline to admit that there can be *any* true beauty about anything *Roman!*"

TWO LAST WORDS TO SWITZERLAND

(*By a British Tourist and Family Man*)

On Uri's lake, in Küsnacht's dell,
What is the thought can almost quell
Thy patriot memory, oh Tell?
Hotel!
Whether by blue crévasse we reel,
Or list the avalanche's peal,
What question blends with all we feel?—
Wie Viel?

LUSUS NATURÆ

Excursion Tourist. "Most extr'or'nary cre'char!"
Facetious Rustic. "Ah! that a be, measter, bred on this 'ere wery fa-arm he wor, tew!".

MORE ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.—At an hotel at Socrabaja in Java is this notice:—

"From the hours fixed for meals on no account will be deviated. For damage to furniture the proprietor will avenge himself on the person committing the same."

"TIRED NATURE."—A yawning gulf.

OUR BORES, NATIVE AND FOREIGN

"Ach! I schbeague Enklish not vell, not vell at all! Pot, py a leadle bractice, I imbrove ver kvick! Vait till I haf talk to you for a gopple of hours, and you shall see!"

A SCENE AT THE "LUCULLUS"

Mrs. Blunderby. "Now, my dear Monty, let me order the luncheon ar-la-fraingsy. Gassong! I wish to begin—as we always do in Paris, my dears—with some *chef-d'œuvres*—you understand—some *chef-d'œuvres*."

[*Emile, the waiter, is in despair. It occurs to him, however, presently that the lady probably meant "Hors d'œuvres," and acts accordingly.*

TO A WELSH LADY

(*Written at Clovelly*)

THE reason why I leave unsung
Your praises in the Cymric tongue
You know, sweet Nelly;
You recollect your poet's crime—
How, when he tried to sing "the time,"
He made "the place" and "loved one" rhyme,
You and Dolgelly!

But now, although a shocking dunce,
I've learnt, in part, the Welsh pronunciation deathly.
I dream of you in this sweet spot,
And for your sake I call it what
Its own inhabitants do not—
That is "Clovethly"!

AT WHITBY.—*Visitor* (*to Ancient Mariner, who has been relating his experiences to crowd of admirers*). Then do you mean to tell us that you actually reached the North Pole?

Ancient Mariner. No, sir; that would be a perwersion of the truth. But I seed it a-stickin' up among the ice just as plain as you can this spar, which I plants in the sand. It makes me thirsty to think of that marvelious sight, we being as it were parched wi' cold.

[*A. M.'s distress promptly relieved by audience.*

THE WALKING ENGLISH-WOMAN ON THE ALPS

YOU who look at home so charming—
Angel, goddess, nothing less—
Do you know you're quite alarming
In that dress?

Such a garb should be forbidden;
Where's the grace an artist loves?
Think of dainty fingers hidden
In those gloves!

Gloves! A housemaid would not wear them,
Shapeless, brown and rough as sacks,
Thick! And yet you often tear them
With that axe!

Worst of all, unblacked, unshiny—
Greet them with derisive hoots—
Clumsy, huge! For feet so tiny!
Oh, those boots!

SCENE—*Verandah of Swiss Hotel*

Brown (*finishing very lengthy account of Alpine adventure*). "And then, Miss Jones, then, just as dawn was breaking, I heard the voices of the guides above me, and I knew that I was saved—actually saved! My feelings, as I realised this, may be more easily imagined than described!"

Miss Jones (*fervently*). "Thank Heaven!"

[*And Brown fondly imagined she was alluding to his escape.*

CAUTIOUS

Visitor (*at out-of-the-way Inn in the North*). "Do you know anything about salmon-poaching in the neighbourhood?"

Landlady (*whose son is not above suspicion*). "Eh—no, sir. Maybe it's a new style of cooking as we haven't heard of in these parts, as you see, sir, we only do our eggs that way; and"—(*brightening up*)—"if you like 'em, I can get you a dish at once!"

THE SEVEN AGES OF LUGGAGE

Baby. Perambulator, bottle, robe, fingerless gloves and woollen shoes.

Schoolboy. Bat, ball, and aids to education.

Lover. Guitar, music-book, writing materials, and fur-lined overcoat.

Justice. Capon in basket, robes, and treatise upon ancient saws and modern instances.

Soldier. Sword, uniform case, standard work upon Reputation.

Pantaloon. Sausages, property red-hot poker, costume of motley, slippers and spectacle case.

Veteran. Travels without luggage.

A GREAT TRAVELLER.—Dr. Watts was evidently in the habit of making pedestrian excursions on the Continent, for in one of his noblest lines, he expressly says—

"Whene'er I take my walks abroad."

INNOCENT ABROAD.—You are misled in your view that the *Cours de Cuisine*, mentioned in the prospectus of a French school, means the run of the kitchen.

IN THE SWISS HIGHLANDS.—*Brown.* "This is rather a pretty figure. You start on the left foot, cut a drop three—then——" (*Bump.*) *Little Girl* (*unmoved*). "Oh, *that's* why it's called a drop three, Mr. Brown!"

Photographer (*on tour, absent-mindedly*). "Now smile, please!"

AT THE CELESTIAL RESTAURANT.—*Customer* (*indignantly*). Hi! waiter, what do you call this soup?

Waiter (*meekly*). I not know, sir, but ze padrone tell me to describe 'im Cockstail!

Traveller (*snap-shotting tropical river, suddenly confronted by hippopotamus*). "Just keep like that one moment, *please!*" (*Rapturously*) "Such a delightful expression!"

NOTE BY OUR TRAVELLER.—At a station on the Elham Valley Line, "Kentish Pianos" are advertised. Are these adapted for playing only dance tunes, and therefore specially serviceable in a "Hop" county?

EASTER HOLIDAYS

(*By One who has tried them*)

MUST really decide where to go for five or six days at Easter. Weather always awful. Usual Springtime. North-east wind, frost, snow and dust. Something like last week. Can't stop in London. One Sunday or Bank Holiday in London mournful enough. But four of them consecutively! Impossible!

Innocent persons go to the south coast of England, thinking that fifty miles nearer the equator one is in quite a different climate. Bournemouth? Bosh! All sandy dust and depressing invalids. Torquay? Twaddle! Probably rain all the time, if not snow. England no good. Scotland or Ireland? Worse!

Must go, as people say vaguely, "abroad." How about Paris? North-east wind, frost, snow and dust, worse than here. Streets windy, theatres draughty, cafés and restaurants suffocating. Brussels? Nothing but rain. Aix-les-Bains? Probably snow. Nice? That might do. No

SCENE—*The Summit of Vesuvius*

American Tourist (*to the world at large*). "Great snakes, it reminds me of hell!"

English Tourist. "My dear, how these Americans *do* travel!"

frost or snow, but very likely a north-east wind and certainly lots of dust. Besides, thirty hours' journey out and thirty hours' journey back, would only leave about sixty hours there. No good. Rome, Seville, Constantinople, Cairo? Still farther. Should have to leave on the return journey before I arrived. Where can I go to at Easter to be warm and comfortable, without so much trouble? I know. To bed!

REGARDLESS OF THE TEMPERATURE.—*Facetious Australian* (*off Calshot Castle, to indisposed friend*). What arm of the sea reminds one of a borrowed boot?

The "I. F." (*feebly*). Give it—anything—up.

F. A. Why, the *Sole-lent*, to be sure.

[*The "I. F." is promptly carried below.*

AT BATH.—*Wiffling* (*sympathetically*). Here on account of the waters?

Piffling. No, unhappily. Here on account of the whiskies.

"A QUESTION OF THE HOUR."—Asking a railway porter the time of the next train's departure for your holiday resort.

Friend (below). "All you've got to do when I throw you the rope is to make it fast to that projection over your head, and lower yourself down!"

"THE CHURCH-GOING BELL"

Sunday morning, coast of Norway. *(By our Yachting Artist.)*

Parson. "Yes, on one occasion I married four couples in a quarter of an hour. Quick work, wasn't it?" *Nautical Young Lady.* "Yes, rather! Sixteen knots an hour!"

TO MY AIRSHIP

[*The poet is being piloted on his aerial flight by a prosaic mechanician. It is to the latter that the interpolations are due.*]

THOU elfin Puck, thou child of master mind!
(Look out! the ballast's slipping off behind.)
Thou swanlike Siren of the blue sublime!
(Screw up that nut, and never mind the rhyme.)

Thine 'tis to fathom Æther's highest pole!
(This wind will fairly get us in a hole.)
Thine to explore the azure-vaulted dome!
(I wonder how the deuce we're going home.)

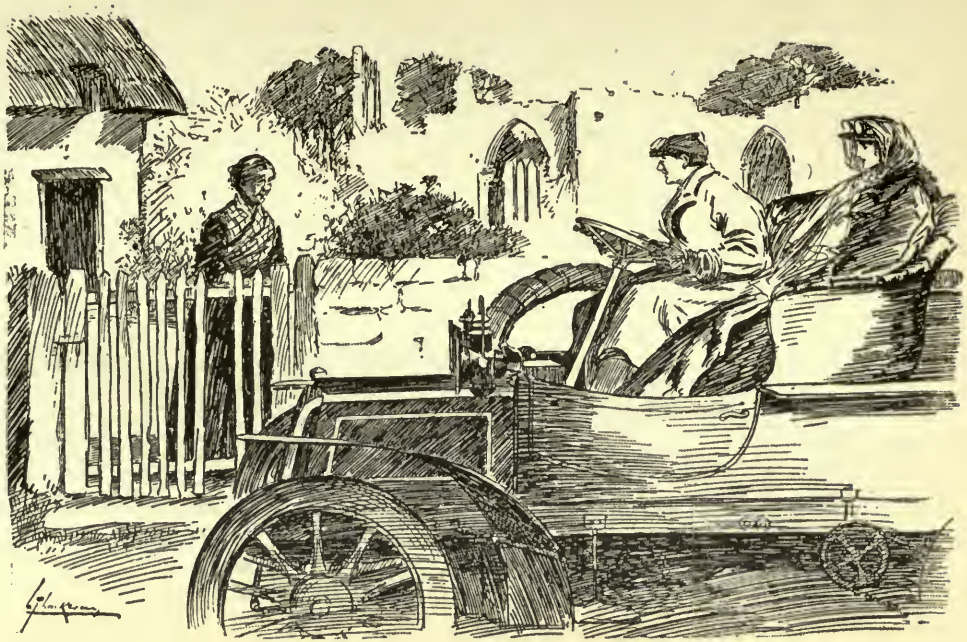
Up, up, thou speedest, flaunting, flaunting high,
Thy glist'ring frame emblazon'd 'gainst the sky;
And myriad-minded fancies still pursue
Thy gliding—(Blow! the anchor's fouled the screw!)

Thou stormy petrel, kissing heaven's height,
(Petrol! The rotten stuff declines to light)
Onward thou soarest o'er the City's dust
Shimmering, triumphant. (Gad! The motor's bust!)

Q. Give the French for "a policeman's beat."
A. Un tour de Force.

Q. What is the difference between a traveller and a popular vegetable?

A. One has been abroad and the other's a broad bean. [*Exit Querier rapidly*



THE AMERICAN RUSH.—*American Tourist.* "Say, how long will it take to see over the ruins?" *Caretaker.* "About an hour, sir." *American Tourist.* "And how long will it take you to tell us about it?"

"Is this your favourite view, poppa darling?" "Why, certainly. But—ahem!—I prefer it *unframed!*"

COLD COMFORT.—*Visitor to the West Indies (who has been warned against bathing in the river because of alligators, but has been told by the boatman that there are none at the river's mouth).* "By jove, this is ripping! But, I say, how do you know there are no alligators here?" *Boatman.* "Well, you see, sah, de alligator am so turr'ble feared ob de shark!"

OVER THE SEA.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read that two new cures for sea sickness have just been discovered: the one the eating of bananas; the other, found out by Professor Heinz, of Erlangen, who declares that the malady proceeds from the lobe of the brain, and that to avert it one has only to breathe freely. As to the Professor's theory about breathing freely, I can safely assert that I never open my mouth so wide as when crossing the Channel, but the experiment is an unpleasant failure.

Your obedient servant,

Peckham Rye. DIONYSIUS DABELRISK.

AT THE GRAND HOTEL, PARIS.—*Blithers* (*of romantic turn of mind, to Smithers, after observing a young couple in close conversation in the court-yard*). I'm sure they're engaged. I heard her call him Harry!

Smithers (*a matter-of-fact man*). What of that? I call my housemaid Emily! He's most probably her footman.

[*Smithers calls for absinthe.*

WELL MEANT, BUT——. *Motorist* (*with heated cylinders*). "Where can I get some water?"
Rustic. "There beant noo watter hereaboots—but ye can have a sup at my tea!"

A difficult pass

A kneesy climb

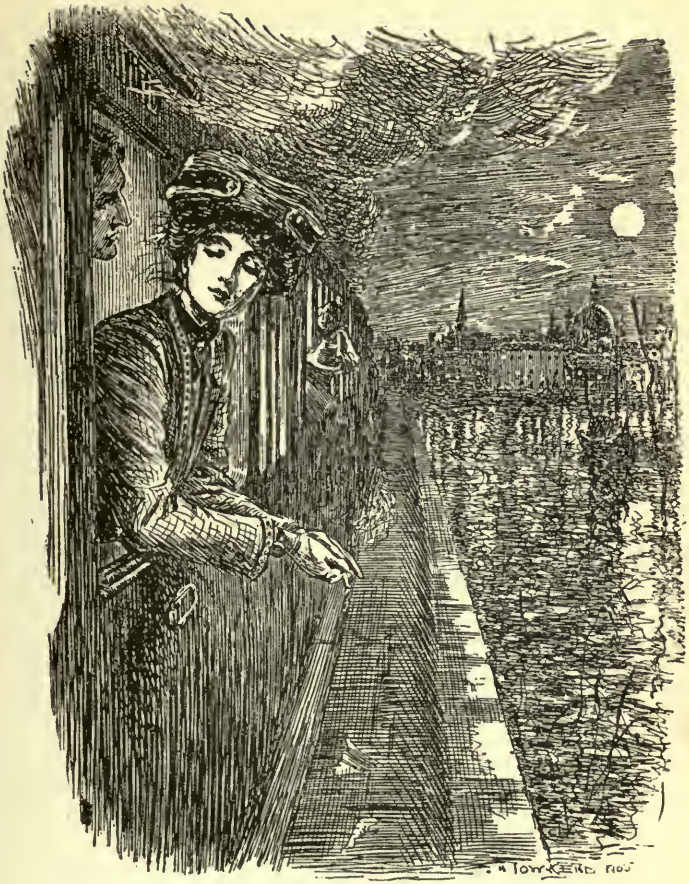
A smiling valley

A magnificent gorge

BY THE SILVER SEA.—*Seaside. Tripper—none too clean in appearance—charters bathing machine. Smart-looking schoolboy* (*about to enter next machine*), *loq.* I say, ma, I wish that dirty fellow wouldn't bathe here.

Mamma. Why, Tommy? If people of that sort were to bathe, they'd be as clean as you, you know.

Tommy (*eyeing Tripper closely*). Not in once, mamma!



AN APPRECIATION

(*Train entering Venice*)

Fair American. "Waal, I guess this is where the Adriatic slops over!"

SUMMER RESORTS

DREARDON-CUM-SLOOZE.

SPRING weather, in pleasing variety of sun and snow-shower, now prevails in this highly fla— favoured locality. Mr. Josiah Jorker, Chairman of the Rural District Council here, has bought four black Berkshire pigs, and to lean over the yard gate and inspect them is now a regular afternoon occupation. Discussion as to their merits runs high amongst our local magnates. Situate as this health-giving village is, it offers to the tired brain-worker complete rest, as there is no railway station within six miles, and only the day-before-yesterday's newspaper is obtainable.

CHAWBOODLECUM.

A fine bracing N.E. wind has dried the roads, and, amongst the aged and sick, made a clearance, thoroughly in accord with the "survival of the fittest" doctrine. Trade has never been more brisk with the local undertaker and the much-respected sexton. The cricket club opens its

Englishman (*to friend*). "There goes that awful liar, who says he has climbed everything under the sun."

Friend. "Don't call him a liar. Rather say he has a great talent for exaggerating things that never happened."

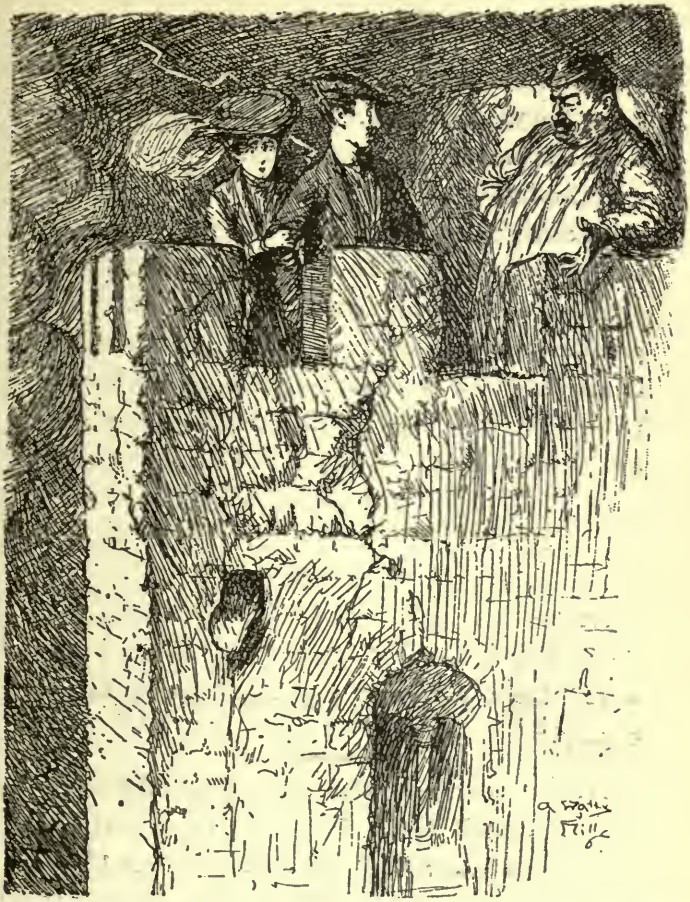
season to-day with a match against the neighbouring village of Sludgely. A "Sing-Song," or "Free and Easy," is held every Saturday night at the "Pig and Puppy-Dog," at which well-known hostelry visitors can find every accommodation.

Slackington.

In this genial and mild air, where a steady, gentle rain falls on very nearly every day in the year, the Londoner, fleeing from the trying east winds of Spring, may find a welcome refuge. It is quite a pretty sight on Sundays to watch the people with their different coloured waterproofs stream out of church. There is a rumour that the present supply of cabs will shortly be augmented by one, if not two, fresh vehicles. On Monday last a German band played a charming selection of music in the market place, and there was a dog-fight in the High Street.

Porkbury.

This charming spot only requires to be known, to insure plenty of patronage from visitors. The new pump is being pushed forward rapidly, and



A PLEASANT UNCERTAINTY.—*Gigantic Guide.* "*Ze* last party *zat* was 'ere—no one knew whezzer *zey shumped* over or was *thrown* over!"

the Vicar intends to hold jumble sales once a week throughout the summer. This, in itself, will, it is expected, prove a great attraction.

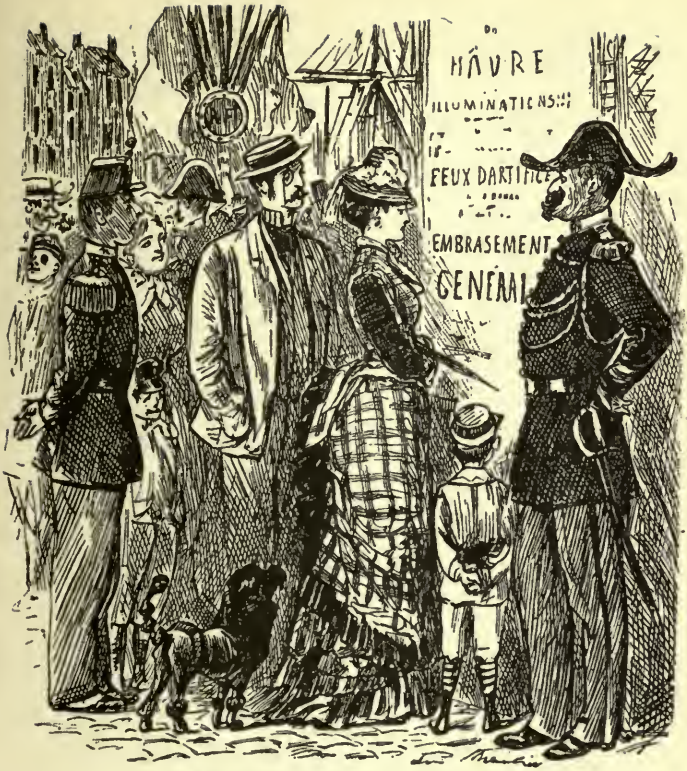
Police-Constable Slummers, whose urbanity and great consideration for the inhabitants (especially on Saturday nights) have always been so conspicuous, is about to leave, and some of the more prominent townsmen have taken the opportunity of marking their sense of his valuable services by presenting him with a handsome pewter pot, engraved with his name and the date.

A piano-organist now regularly attends the weekly market, and his music is greatly appreciated by those engaged in buying and selling.

At the Farmer's Eighteenpenny Ordinary, last week, Mr. Chumpjaw stated that his mangolds were "the whackin'est big 'uns" grown in the county.

AT BOULOGNE.—*Mrs. Sweetly* (*on her honeymoon*). Isn't it funny, Archibald, to see so many foreigners about? And all talking French!

PATRON SAINT OF MESSRS. COOK.—St. Martin of "Tours."



A SLIGHT "MALONGTONGDEW"

Angelina. "There are to be illuminations and fireworks, and they're to finish up with an 'ombrasmong général.' What can that be?"

Edwin. "Well, 'ombasser' means to 'kiss'; so I suppose it means a kind of a sort of a general kissing all round."

Angelina. "Horrid idea! I won't go near the place, and I'm sure *you* shan't, Edwin!"

[*Our readers, who know French better than E. and A., are aware that embrasement, with only one "s," has a totally different meaning.*

HONEYMOONING IN PARIS.—*Mrs. Jones.* "Am I not an expensive little wifie?" *Jones* (*who has spent the morning and a small fortune at the Magasin du Louvre*). "Well, you *are* a little dear!"

QUID PRO QUO.—*Madame Gaminot.* "Oh yes, Monsieur Jones, J'*adore* 'es Anglais! Zey understand bisnesse! For example, zey pay me sixty pound—fifteen 'undred franc—to sing 'La Blanchisseuse du Tambour-Major' at a evening party! It seem a great deal! But zey laugh, and zey say, 'Oh, sharmong! Oh, ravissong!' and it mek everybody sink zat everybody else know French—it almost mek zem sink zat zey know it zemselfs!!! Ça vaut bien quinze cents francs, j'e-père!"

Tourist (*at small Irish inn, miles from anywhere*). "Look here, what does this mean? I left my boots out last night, and they haven't been touched."

Landlord (*with honest pride*). "Thrue for ye, sorr! An' begorr', if ye'd left your *gowld watch an' chain* out, div'l a sowl wud 'a touched them naythe r!"

'ARRY ABROAD.—*Guide.* "Monsieur finds eet a vairy eenteresting old place, ees eet not?" *'Arry* (*who will speak French*). "Pas demi!"

BY THE SILVER SEA

Drainsmouth.

This popular health resort is now filled to overflowing. The entertainments on the pier include animated photographs of a procession to the Woking Crematorium, and other cheerful and interesting subjects. The smells of the harbour may still be enjoyed to perfection at low water.

Shrimpley.

The question of mixed bathing here has at length been set at rest by the Town Council issuing an order that nobody is to bathe at all. A decision so impartial as between the rival factions cannot fail to give satisfaction to all except the captious. Professor De Bach, with his performing dogs, gives an exhibition twice each day at the Pier Pavilion.

Lodgington-on-Sea.

Warm and sunny weather still continues in this favoured spot. People wait half the morning for a bathing-machine and then look rather disappointed when they get it. The Simperton-

PHILOLOGICAL.—*First English Groom* (*new to Paris*). "And the French gent as he drives round the corner, he pulls up quick, and calls out 'Woa!'" *Second ditto* (*who has been in Paris some time*). "He couldn't have said '*Woa!*' as there ain't no 'W' in French." *First ditto.* "No 'W' in French? Then 'ow d'yer spell 'wee'?"

Swaggeringtons arrived yesterday, travelling first-class from the junction, two miles off (up to which point they had come third). This has excited some unfavourable comment in the town.

SMELLINGTON-SUPER-MARE.

Large numbers of tripp—visitors, I mean, continue to pour into the town from Saturdays to Mondays, benefiting greatly by their small change. The lodging-house keepers also derive considerable benefit from their (the visitors') small change, especially when left lying about on the mantelpiece. No one could complain of dulness here now, for as I write, twenty-three barrel-organs, eleven troupes of nigger minstrels and four blind beggars with fiddles are amusing and delighting their listeners on the sands. The place is thoroughly lively, hardly an hour of the day passing without at least two street rows between inebriated excursionists taking place. The police force has been doubled, and the magistrates have given notice that, for the future, they will give no "option," and that all sentences for assaults in the streets will be with hard labour.

Alarming appearance of a harmless guana just as he has found a nice corner of Sydney Harbour for a sketch.

Mr. Townmouse takes lodgings for his family at a farmhouse in a remote district. Delightful spot; but they weren't so well off for butcher's meat as they could wish.

Farmer. "Now, if your lady 'ud like some nice pork—Oh! she does like pork?—Well, then, we shall kill a pig the week arter next."

A NICE PROSPECT.—*Traveller (benighted in the Black Country).* "Not a bedroom disengaged! Tut-t-t-t!" *Landlady (who is evidently in the coal business as well).* "Oh, we'll accommodate you somehow, sir, if me and my 'usband gives you up our own bed, sir!"

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.—*Professor Chatterleigh.* "By George! I'm so hungry I can't *talk!*" *Fair Hostess* (*on hospitable thoughts intent*). "Oh, I'm *so* glad!"

ÆSTHETICS

Indiscreet Sister. "Why, Harry, your legs are getting more *Chippendale* than ever!"

THE JOYS OF TOURING

Traveller. "I say, your razor's pulling most confoundedly!"
Local Torturer. "Be it, zur? Wull, 'old on tight to the chair, an' we'll get it off zummow!"

CHEERING.—*First Artist* (*on a pedestrian tour*). "Can you tell which is the best inn in Baconhurst?" *Rustic* (*bewildered*). "Dunno." *Second Artist* (*tired*). "But we can get beds there, I suppose? Where do travellers generally go?" *Rustic*. "Go to the union moostly!"

MIND AND MATTER-OF-FACT

Cotton-Man (*fro' Shoddydale*). "What dun yo' co' that wayter?"

Coachman. "Ah, ain't it beautiful? That's Grassmere Lake, that is——"

Cotton-Man. "Yo' co'n 'um all la-akes an' meres i' these pa-arts. We co'n 'um rezzer-voyers where ah com' fro'!!"

WOULD the epigrammatic translation of "*sede vacanti*" as "Not well and gone away for a holiday" be accepted by an examiner?

WINTER RESORT FOR BRONCHIALLY-AFFECTED PERSONS.—Corfe Castle.

Visitor. "And so you've never been to London! Oh, but you must go. It's quite an easy journey, you know."
Gaffer Stokes. "Ah, Oi'd main loike to see Lunnon, Oi wud. Reckon Oi must go afore Oi'm done for. *Now which moight be their busy day there*, mister?"

TO INTENDING TOURISTS—"Where shall we go?" All depends on the "coin of 'vantage." Switzerland? Question of money. Motto.—"*Point d'argent point de Suisse.*"

SCENE—*On the Quay. Ocean liner's syren fog-horn emitting short, sharp grunts.*

Little Girl. Oh, mamma, that *poor* ship must have a dreffful pain in its cabin!

WASTED SYMPATHY. — SCENE — *Interior of Railway Carriage. Lady* (*to gentleman who has just entered and is placing one of his fellow passenger's bags on the floor where there is a hot-water bottle*). Oh! Excuse me, sir, but, *please* don't put *that* near the hot-water bottle. I've got a little bird in the bag.

Elderly Gentleman (*who is an enthusiastic Anti-Vivisectionist and prominent member of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*). Good Heavens, madam! a bird in there! Please consider! How cruel! how inhuman! how—— (*gasps for words*).

Lady. Not at all, my dear sir. *It's a roast partridge, cold, for lunch.* [*Collapse of Enthusiast.*

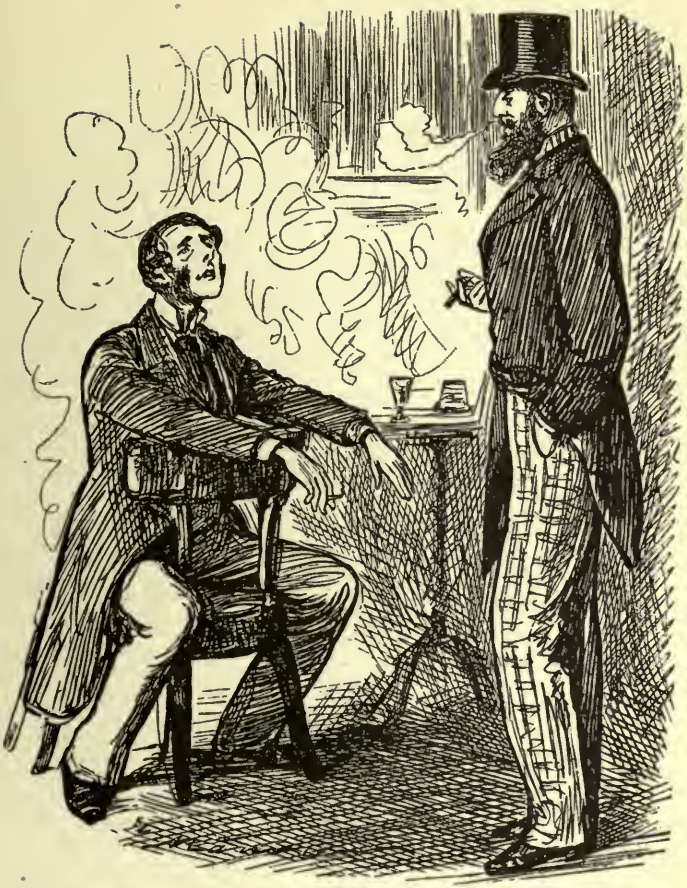
UNPLEASANTLY SUGGESTIVE NAMES OF "CURE" PLACES ABROAD.—*Bad Gastein.* Which must be worse than the first day's sniff at Bad-Eggs-la-Chapelle.

ROTATORY KNIFE (AND FORK) MACHINES.—Pullman dining cars.

THE LINE WHICH IS OFTEN DRAWN.—The Equator.

THOROUGH BUT NOT PEDANTIC. (*Overheard at the Louvre.*)—*American Tourist* (*suspiciously*). "Say, guide, haven't we seen this room before?" *Guide.* "Oh no, monsieur." *Tourist.* "Well, see here. We want to see everything, but we don't want to see anything twice!"

MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—*Captain Brown* (*narrating his trip to the Continent*). "Then, of course, we ran down to Granada, and saw the Alhambra——" *Captain Jinks* (*untravelled athlete*). "No!! What, have they got one there too!!"



FILIAL ANXIETY. "Going to Paris to-morrow, Tom! How's that?" "My poor old governor's taken ill there!" "Going by Dieppe or Boulogne? "Rather think I shall go *vid Monaco!*"

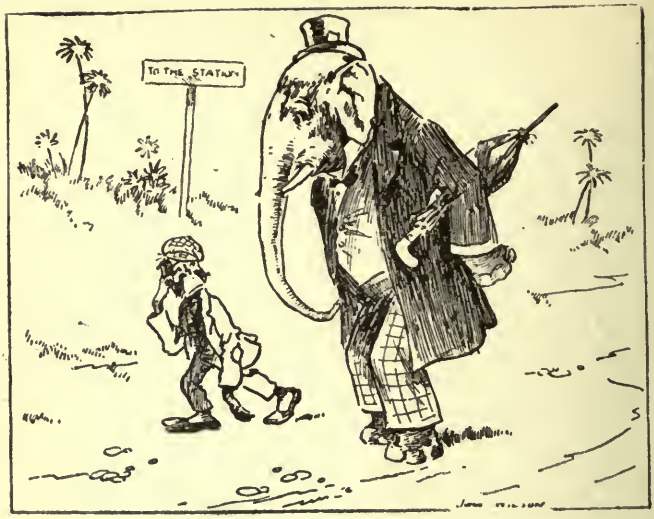
OVERDOING IT

Sympathiser. "Sorry you look so seedy after your holiday, old chap!"

Too Energetic Sight-seer. "Well, I am a bit done up, but the doctor says that with rest and great care I may be well enough to have a run-round as usual next year."

Gushing Young Lady (*to Mr. Dunk, who has just returned from Rome*). "They say, Mr. Dunk, that when one sets foot in Rome for the first time, one experiences a profound feeling of awe. The chaos of ruined grandeur, the magnificent associations, seem too much for one to grasp. Tell me, oh tell me, Mr. Dunk, what did *you* think of it all?"

Mr. Dunk (*deliberately, after considering awhile*). "*Very* nice!"



" Carry your trunk, sir ?"

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE. — *Miss Tomboy.* Mamma, I think those French women were beastly rude.

Mother. You mustn't speak like that of those ladies, it's very wrong. And how often have I told you not to say "beastly" ?

Miss Tomboy. Well, they *were* rude. They called me a little cabbage (*mon petit chou*). The next time they do that I shall call them old French beans.

THE TOURIST SEASON. HOTEL BRIGANDAGE

DE GUSTIBUS——

I AM an unadventurous man,
And always go upon the plan
Of shunning danger where I can.

And so I fail to understand
Why every year a stalwart band
Of tourists go to Switzerland,

And spend their time for several weeks,
With quaking hearts and pallid cheeks,
Scaling abrupt and windy peaks.

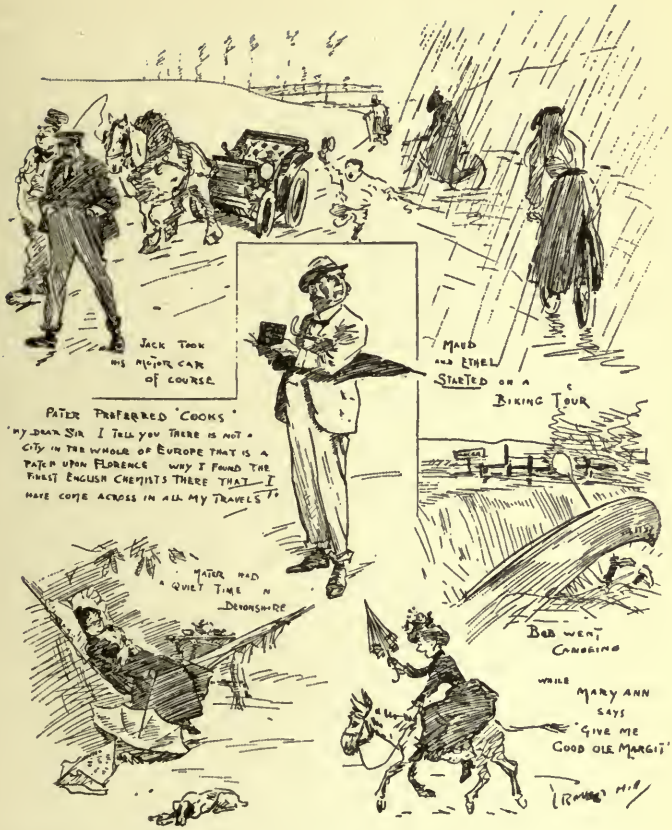
In fact, I'm old enough to find
Climbing of almost any kind
Is very little to my mind.

A mountain summit white with snow
Is an attractive sight, I know,
But why not see it *from below?*

Why leave the hospitable plain
And scale Mont Blanc with toil and pain
Merely to scramble down again?

Some men pretend they think it bliss
To clamber up a precipice
Or dangle over an abyss,

To crawl along a mountain side,
Supported by a rope that's tied,
—Not too securely—to a guide;

But such pretences, it is clear,
In the aspiring mountaineer
Are usually insincere.

JACK TOOK HIS MOTOR CAR OF COURSE
PATER PREFERRED 'COOKS'
'MY DEAR SIR I TELL YOU THERE IS NOT A CITY IN THE WHOLE OF EUROPE THAT IS A PATCH UPON FLORENCE WHY I FOUND THE FINEST ENGLISH CHEMISTS THERE THAT I HAVE COME ACROSS IN ALL MY TRAVELS'
MAUD AND ETHEL STARTED ON A BIKING TOUR
PATER HAD A QUIET TIME IN DEVONSHIRE
BOB WENT CANOEING
WHILE MARY ANN SAYS 'GIVE ME GOOD OLE MARGIT'

The Brown family resolve to spend their vacation each after his own fashion, instead of *en famille.*

And many a climber, I'll be bound,
Whom scarped and icy crags surround,
Wishes himself on level ground.

So I, for one, do not propose,
To cool my comfortable toes
In regions of perpetual snows,

As long as I can take my ease,
Fanned by a soothing southern breeze,
Under the shade of English trees.

And anyone who leaves my share
Of English fields and English air
May take the Alps for aught I care!

SPORT MOST APPROPRIATE TO THE LOCALITY.—Shooting pigeons at Monte Carlo.

PLEASURE À LA RUSSE.—*Q.* When does a Russian give a Polish peasant a holiday?

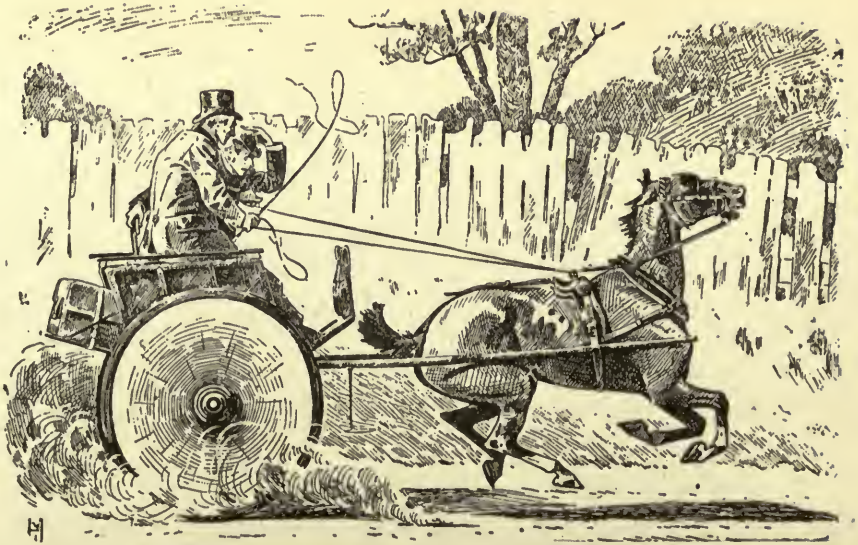
A. When he gives him *a kn*outing.

THE CRY OF THE HOLIDAY-LOVING CLERK.—"Easterward Ho!"

A DISH THAT DISAGREES WITH MOST PERSONS WHEN TRAVELLING.—The Chops of the Channel.

THE GREATEST BORE IN CREATION.—The Simplon Tunnel.

THE ANTIQUARY.—*Tourist (in Cornwall).* "May I be permitted to examine that interesting stone in your field? These ancient Druidical remains are most interesting!" *Farmer.* "Sart'nly, sir. 'May be very int'restin' an' arnshunt, but we do stick 'em oup for the cattle, an' call 'em roubbin' 'pusts!!"



Smithson, having read and heard much of the pleasures of a driving tour, determines to indulge in that luxury during his Whitsuntide holidays. He therefore engages a trap, with a horse that can "get over the ground," and securing the services of an experienced driver, he sets forth.

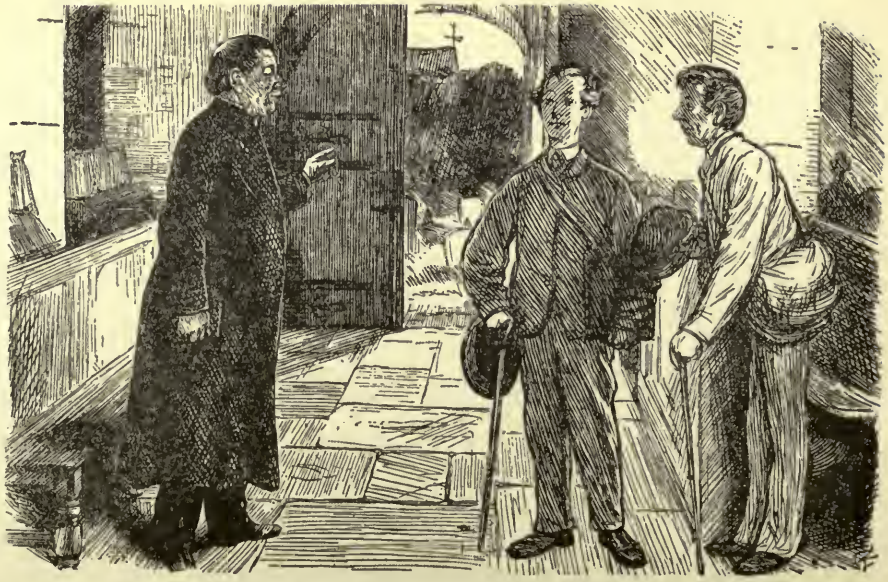
Smithson. "A—a—isn't he—a—a—hadn't I better help you to pull at him?"

Driver. "Pull at 'im? Why yer'd set 'im crazed! Jist you let me keep is 'ead straight. Lor' bless yer, there ain't no cause to be affeared, as long as we don't meet nothing, and the gates ain't shut at Splinterbone crossing, jist round the bend"

Stout Party. "Is this path safe?" *Flippant Youth.* "Yes, the path is—but I can't answer for *you!*"

"Will you 'urry up paintin' that tree, sir? Cause I'm goin' to cut it down in a quarter of an hour.

Tourist (*in search of "the antique," after admiring old cottage*). "Is there anything else to look at in the village?" *Village Dame.* "Lor' bless 'ee, why there's the beautiful new recr'ation ground as we've just 'ad made!"



A PASTORAL REBUKE.—*First Pedestrian* (*they've lost their way*). "Look here. This must be the east, mustn't it? There's the chancel window—that's always east; then the south must be——" *High-Church Priest* ("*turning up*" *suddenly out of the vestry*). "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I can't allow my church to be used for a secular purpose. You'll find an unconsecrated weathercock on the barn yonder!"

Visitor. "Will you tell me where I shall find a seat?" *Verger.* "Weel, sir, there 's a guid wheen veesitors in Inverness the noo: so sit whaur ye can see yer umbrella!"

TIPS FOR TRAVELLERS

TODDLEKINS is anxious to take his family to Mars this summer, and inquires where he can hire a speedy balloon for the purpose. He is anxious to know whether he can obtain golf there, and also whether the roads are good for bicycling. He is recommended to apply for information to the Astronomer-Royal. But why should Toddlekins trouble to go so far afield? He would be sure to find congenial society in the neighbourhood of Hanwell, and by selecting this spot as his destination, the expense of a return ticket would be saved.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—So glad that you intend taking your dear ten children to Poppleton-on-Sea for three weeks' change of air. And all that you tell me about Timothy's pet rabbit and Selina's last attack of measles is so deeply interesting. Unfortunately I cannot answer all your questions myself, but I will print them here, so that some of my kind readers may be able to assist you. You want to know, in regard to Poppleton—

INTRODUCTION MADE EASY.—*Invalid-Chair Attendant.* "If you should have a fancy for any particular party, I can easily bump 'em."

(1) Whether the pavements (if any) are stone or asphalte.

(2) What is the mean temperature, the annual rain-fall, and the death-rate.

(3) What are the Rector's "views," and if there is a comfortable pew in the church, out of draughts, calculated to hold eleven.

(4) What time the shops at Poppleton close on Saturdays.

DUBIOUS.—As you say, it *is* difficult to make up one's mind where to spend the holidays, because there are so many places from which to choose. And you were so wise to write and ask me to give you the name of one single place which I could thoroughly recommend, and so save you all further worry. How about Brighton, Hastings, Eastbourne, Bexhill, Seaford, Cowes, Weymouth, Exmouth, Penzance, Lynton, or Tenby? I am delighted to give you this real and valuable help!

PICNIC-PARTY.—You have my full sympathy. It is most churlish of riparian owners to refuse to allow strangers to land on their property. Fancy any one objecting to having his lawn covered with broken bottles and paper bags!

Miss Binns (breathless, hurrying to catch London train after week-end trip). "Can you please tell me the *exact* time?" *Old Salt.* "'Alf ebb."

OWNER.—I feel deeply for you. The way in which trippers on the river invade riverside gardens is outrageous. The bags and pieces of glass they leave about must be a gross disfigurement to your lawn.

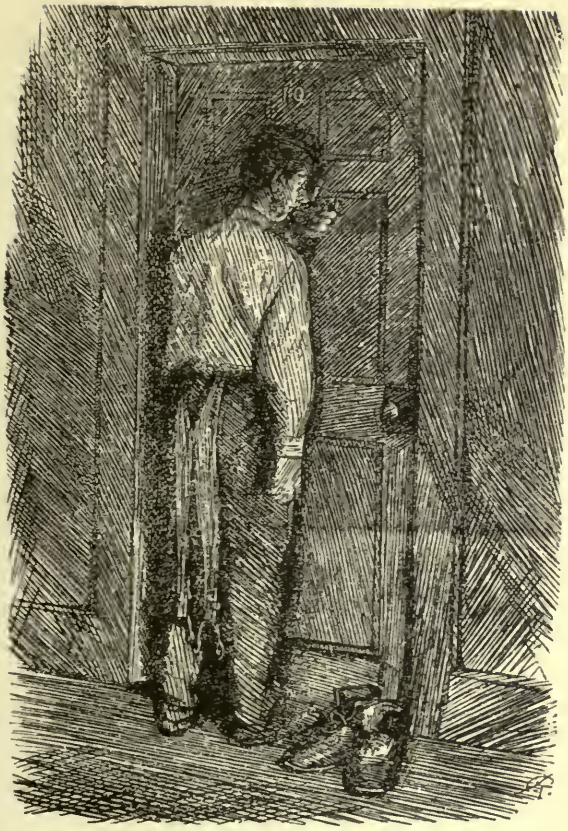
A MOUNTAIN RAMBLER

(*By a Returned Traveller*)

I'VE scanned and penned an Ode on
Thy snowy glories, Snowdon
My honeymoon with Helen,
Was spent near "dark" Helvellyn,
Afar from all the *beau monde*
I've rambled round Ben Lomond,
At noontide on Ben Nevis,
I've roved and read *Sir Bevis*,
I've stretched each tired thin limb on
Thy summit, O Plinlimmon,
And once I tore my breeks
On Macgillycuddy's Reeks.
Those glorious mountain scalps,
The tiptops of the Alps,
I've seen—their pines and passes,
Their glaciers and crevasses—

THE FESTIVE SEASON.—*Visitor to the District* (*who has missed his way*). "Can you tell me, my good man, if I shall pass the 'Red Lion' inn along this road?" *The Village Toper.* "Oi wouldn't like to be saying wut a gen'leman loike ye wud be doin'; but Oi'm parfect sartin Oi shouldn't!"

With fools, philosophers and wits,
I've scrambled up the Ortler Spitz,
Made sketches on St. Gothard,
Like Turner and like Stothard,
And with my *cara sposa*
Ascended Monte Rosa :
But not content with Europe,
I've roamed with staff and new rope
As far away as Ararat,
Where *savants* say there's ne'er a rat ;
The Kuen Lun and Thian Shan
I know as well as any man ;
I've boiled my evening kettle
On Popocatapetl,
And on the highest Andes
I've sodas mixed and brandies ;
I've slumbered snug and cosey
On silvery Potosi ;
I've stood on Peter Botto,
A rather lonely spot ;
And—crowning feat of all
My mountaineerings on this ball—
I've smoked—O weed for ever blest !
My pipe upon Mount Everest.
And now my ramble's over,
Here's Shakspeare's Cliff and Dover !
All Alpine risks and chances,
All Ultramontane fancies,
I've put away and done with ;
I'll stay my wife and son with,
And never more will roam
From Primrose Hill and home.



QUEEN'S HOTEL, AMBLESIDE, 3 O'CLOCK, A.M.—"Tom!" (*No response.*) "I say, Tom!" (*No answer.*) "Tom!" (*A muffled grunt.*) "Tom—Fire!" "Eh? What? What do you say?" "I say Tom, do you think your key will fit my bag?" "*No*—'t won't—Chubb!"

[*Objurgations, and midnight disturber retires.*

OUR COMPATRIOTS ABROAD.—"And how did you like Sw tzerland?" "Oh, immensely! It was our first visit, you know!" "And did you go on into Italy?" "Well, no. We found a hotel at Lausanne where there was a first-rate tennis-lawn, you know—quite as good as ours at home So we spent the whole of our holiday there, and played lawn-tennis all day long.

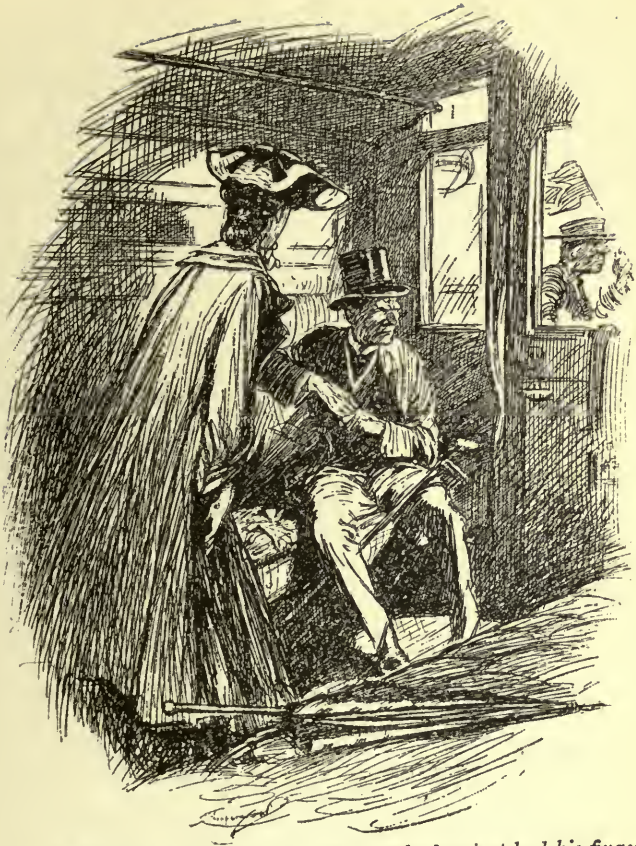
AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY

The Professor (who has just come back from the North Pole). "——and the fauna of these inhospitable regions is as poor as the flora! You couldn't name a dozen animals who manage to live there."

Mrs. Malapert. "Oh—I dare say I could!" *The Professor.* "Really—what *are* they?"

Mrs. Malapert. "Well, now—five polar bears, let us say, and—and seven seals!"

First Traveller. "Can we have beds here to-night?"
Obliging Hostess. "Oh, yes, sir."
First Traveller. "Have you—er—any—er—*insects* in this house?"
Obliging Hostess. "No, sir. *But we can get you some!*"



Lady (to her travelling companion, who has just had his finger-nail pinched badly). "How horrid! I always think anything wrong with one's nails set's one's teeth on edge all down one's back!"

NEARING THE ENGLISH COAST

Jones (*returning to England*). "We are quite fifty miles from the Scilly Isles, Miss Brown. They say the odour of the flowers they cultivate there travels that distance over the sea. I can detect it distinctly now—can't you?"

Miss Brown (*from America*). "I guess it hasn't *quite* reached me yet, Mr. Jones!"

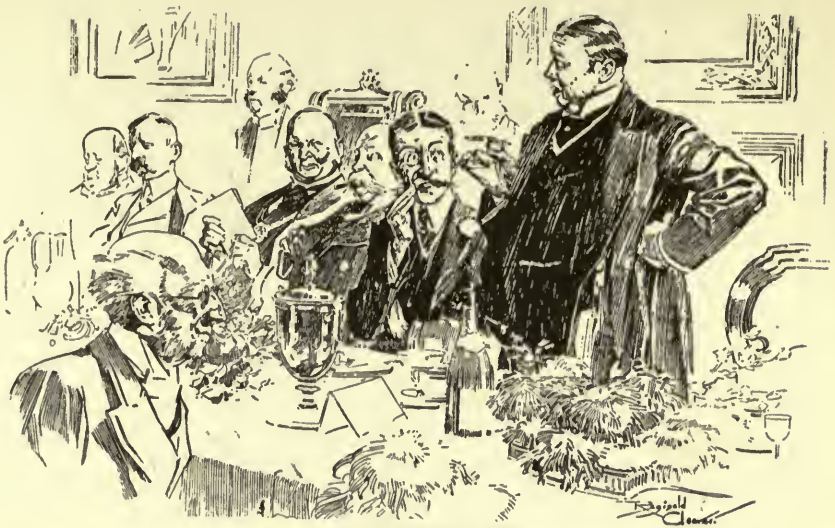
ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS.—*He.* "Oh, you're from America, are you? People often say to me, 'Don't you dislike Americans?' But I always say 'I believe there are some very nice ones among them.'"

She. "Ah, I dare say there *may* be two or three nice people amongst millions!"

OUR COUNTRYMEN ABROAD.—*Mr. Shoddy.* "*I* always say, Mrs. Sharp, that I never feel really safe from the ubiquitous British snob till I am south of the Danube!" *Mrs. Sharp (innocently).* "And what do the—a—*South Danubians* say, Mr. Shoddy?"

Waiter. "Did you ring, sir?" *Traveller* (*as a gentle hint to previous arrival*). "*Another fire*, waiter!"

Mr. Smith. "Oh, I was wondering whether you and your husband would care to accompany our party to Hadrian's Villa to-morrow?" *Young American Bride.* "Why, yes; we'd just love to go. George and I will be furnishing as soon as we get back to Noo York, and maybe we'd be able to pick up a few notions over at this villa."



UNANSWERABLE

Pompous Magnate (*making speech at public luncheon in provincial town*). "Speaking of travel reminds me how greatly I have admired the scenery round Lake Geneva, and also what pleasant times I have spent in the neighbourhood of Lake Leman."

Cultured Neighbour (*in audible whisper*). "Pardon me, but the two places are synonymous."

P. M. (*patronisingly*). "Ah! So *you* may think, sir—so *you* may think! But, from my point of view, I consider Lake Geneva to be far the most synonymous of the two."

"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &c.—"Oh, papa! what *do* you think? Four out of our twelve boxes are missing." "Hurrah! By George! that's the best piece of news I've had for a long time."

AN EPICURE.—"Oh, George, I'm ashamed of you—rubbing your lips like that, after that dear little French girl has given you a kiss!" "I'm not rubbing it *out*, mammy—I'm rubbing it *in*!"

A COWES WEEK EXPERIENCE

Monday.—Dear old Bluewater—what a good fellow he is!—asks me to join his yacht, the *Sudden Jerk*, for Cowes week. Never been yachting before.

Tuesday.—Arrive Ryde Pier, correctly (I hope) "got up"; blue serge, large brass anchor buttons, and peaked cap. Fancy Bluewater rather surprised to see how *au fait* I am at nautical dress. "Ah! my dear fellow, delighted to see you. Come along; the gig is lying alongside the steps. One of the hands" (why "hands"?) "shall look to your traps." We scramble into gig and are rowed out to 50-ton yawl. Climb up side. Bluewater says, "Come below. Take care—two steps down, then turn round and—— Oh! by Jove! what a crack you've caught your head. Never mind, old boy, you'll soon get accustomed to it." Devoutly hope I shall *not* get accustomed to knocking my head. Arrive at foot of "companion" (why "companion"?) stairs. Bluewater pulls aside curtains and says, "*There* you are!" Reply, "Oh! yes,

THE EXCURSION

Head of Family. "I reckon some of us 'll have to stand, or we shan't all get seats!"

there I am. Er—is—do you lie on the shelf—oh! berth, is it!—beg pardon—or underneath it?" He explains. "You'll find it very jolly, you know; you can lie in your bunk, and look right up the companion to the sky above." "Oh! awfully jolly," I say. We repair on deck. Get under weigh to run down to Cowes. Dear old Bluewater very active. Pulls at ropes and things, shouting "leggo-your-spinach-and-broom,"* and other unintelligible war-cries. Stagger across deck. Breeze very fresh. "Lee oh!" shouts Bluewater; "mind the broom!" —or it might have been boom—and next moment am knocked flat on my back by enormous pole.

Arrive Cowes. Crowd of yachts. Drop anchor for night. Go below, damp face in tiny iron basin; yacht lurches and rolls all the water out over new white shoes. Enter saloon, tripping over some one's kit-bag at the door. Try to save myself by clutching at swing-table, which upsets and empties soup tureen all over my trousers. Retire, change, return. Host and I sit down and proceed to chase fried soles backwards and forwards across treacherous swing-table. "*Now*, my dear fellow

* Qy. spinnaker boom.—Ed.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

Mrs. Brown. "I had such a lovely bathe last Thursday, dear."
Niece. "That was the day of the tidal wave, wasn't it, Auntie?"

isn't this jolly? Isn't this worth all your club dinners?" Reply "Oh, yes," enthusiastically. Privately, should prefer club in London. Weather gets worse. Try to smoke. Don't seem to care for smoking, somehow. Feel depressed, and ask dear old Bluewater to describe a sailor's grave. Tries to cheer me up by saying, "Don't waste the precious moments, my friend, on such sad subjects. You are not born to fill a seaman's grave. There's a class of man not born to be drowned, you know." Then he laughs heartily. Try to smile; fail. Pitching and rocking motion increases. Retire early and lie down on shelf. Fall off twice. Manage to reach perch again. Weather gets worse. Shall never sleep with noise of trampling on deck and waves washing yacht's sides. Shall never—— Sudden misgiving. *Am* I going to be——? Oh! no, must be passing dizziness. It cannot possibly be. . . . IT IS!!!

Am rowed ashore, bag and baggage, next morning. Dear old Bluewater tries to keep me from going, and says, "What, after all, *is* sea-sickness?" Dear old Bluewater must be an ass. Confound old Bluewater!

How Stonehenge might be popularised if the Government bought it. Suggestion gratis.

Full-sized Tripper. "How does one get into the church yard please?"

Simple Little Native. "Through this 'ere 'ole!"

Walking Tourist. "What's the name of this village, my man?"

Yokel. "Oi dunno, zur. Oi only bin 'ere a month!"

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW

Fair Yankee (*in Egypt*). "I say, uncle, can yew tell me, air there ever any new camels? I guess all I've seen must be second-hand!"

AN UNCONGENIAL SPOT FOR TEETOTALERS.—Barmouth.

A MAN WHO BEATS ABOUT THE BUSH.—An Australian.

"IN PERIL OF PRECIPITATION"—*Coriolanus*, iii. 3.

Stout Party. "Hi! boy, stop! I'm going to get off."
Donkey Boy. "Yer carn't, marm. There ain't room!"

DETECTED.—*Clerical Tourist (visiting cathedral).* "Always open, eh? And do you find that people come here on week-days for rest and meditation?" *Verger.* "Ay, that they do, odd times. Why, I catched some of 'em at it only last Toosday!"

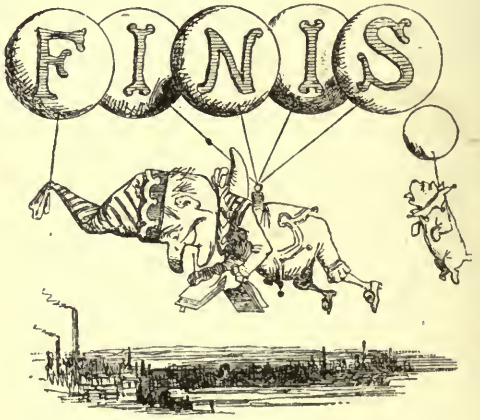
Old Lady. "Well, if that's David, what a size Goliath must a' been!"

HOLIDAY FARE IN CORNWALL

A ROLL on the billow,
A Loaf by the shore,
A Fig for fashion,
And Cream galore!

THE ROAD TO THE NIAGARA FALLS.—*Via Dollarosa.*

WHERE THE FELLAH'S SHOE PINCHES.—Where the corn used to be—in Egypt.



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